

The Elks

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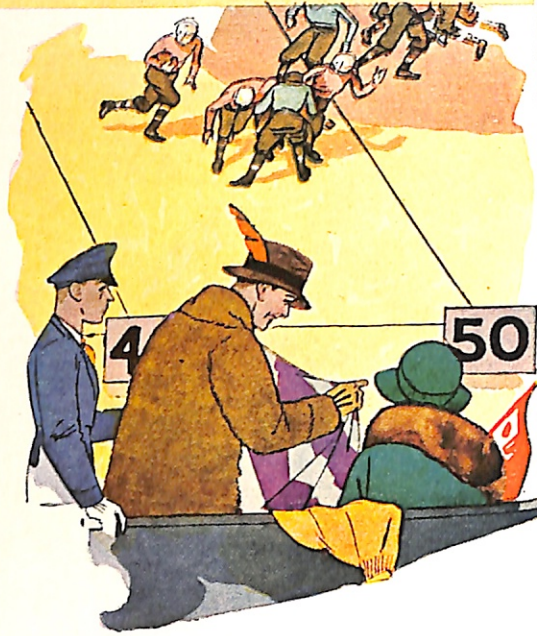
Magazine

OCTOBER, 1932



Albert Payson Terhune • The Ellerbes • Octavus Roy Cohen

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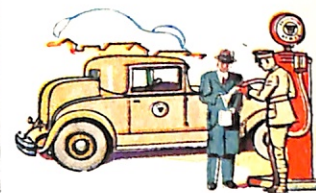
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Something About This Number

NOT for a long time has THE ELKS MAGAZINE published so vigorous an expression of opinion as Albert Payson Terhune's article, "Why College?" Himself a graduate of Columbia, Mr. Terhune attacks what he calls the "College Fetish," in the belief that "it is high time some one put a fat stick of dynamite under it." Obviously, Mr. Terhune's blast is not directed at the professional schools which prepare for the law, medicine, engineering and so on, but at that vague set of courses the completion of which has come to be regarded as constituting a "liberal education," but which he believes is no education at all.

In this year of reduced incomes and dashed hopes, Mr. Terhune's opinion, though there will be many who will not share it, should bring a degree of solace to the large number of disappointed parents and children who have seen the bright dream of a college course go glimmering.

FOR another side of the college picture we refer you to "The Accolade," William Chamberlain's football story. It is a tale in which the hero does *not* make the winning touchdown in the great game; does *not* win the girl of his heart by spectacular last minute play; does *not*, in fact, conduct himself in the least like Frank Merriwell, Albie Booth or Mr. Catfish Smith. For sheer gridiron drama, though, we doubt if you will read a story this year to beat it.

TO MERCHANTS, advertising men and salesmen in particular and to every shopper in general, we recommend a reading of John Chapman Hilder's "New Stores for Old." Here is a picture of the store of to-morrow, drawn after long consultations with architects and merchandising experts, with lighting engineers and authorities in research, and after much study of statistics and blue prints, as well as visits to those pioneering merchants who are leading the way toward a definitely new technique of selling to the public.

AMONG the Magazine's most valued and distinguished contributors are Alma and Paul Ellerbe, whose collaboration in the short story produces some of the finest fiction to be read in to-day's periodicals. It is with pleasure that we welcome their return to our pages after a too prolonged absence. Their story, "By What Strange Road," is one which, we believe, will deeply move every man who has watched, or is watching, a son grow up.

IN ADDITION to material of general interest, the Magazine this month has the opportunity of presenting to its readers an unusual amount of fraternal news. This comprises both reports of events of note in subordinate Lodges, and accounts of the many conventions of State Elks Associations which took place late in the summer.

Joseph T. Fanning
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Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

Bruce McClure
Managing Editor



Published Under the
Direction of the Grand
Lodge by the National
Memorial and Publi-
cation Commission

The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND
PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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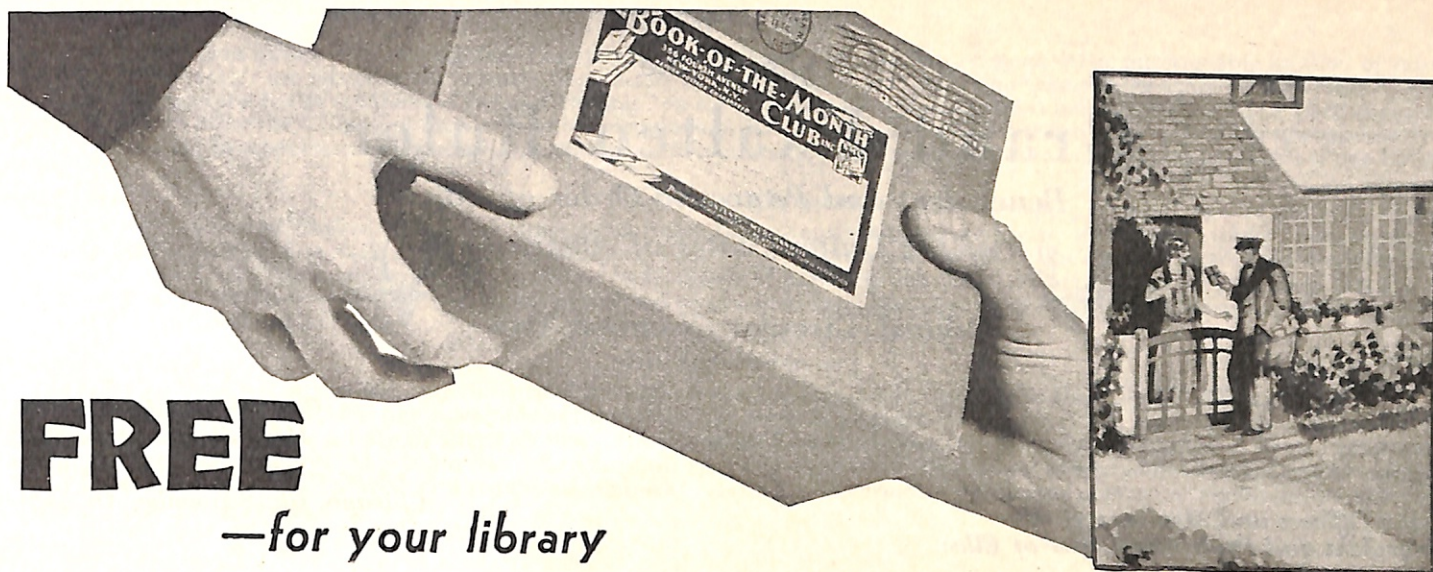
Cover design by G. H. Mitchell

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

The Elks Magazine, Volume 11, No. 5, October, 1932. Published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1932. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address, it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Two

*Elks National Memorial
 Headquarters Building,
 2750 Lake View Avenue,
 Chicago, Ill., September 10, 1932*

*To the Officers and Members of the
 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

MY BROTHERS:

Again I address you on the state of our Order and suggest activities which will keep us moving forward as a united family. The fine spirit of cooperation which has been shown by subordinate Lodge officers thus far heartens me to continue my efforts to build this great American Fraternity to greater strength and direct its activities to greater usefulness.

The Lodge Activities Committee

The Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge was appointed for the purpose of assisting the officers and committees of the subordinate Lodges with the problem of keeping the members interested in the affairs of the Lodge and the Order. From time to time this Committee will suggest programs for the education and entertainment of the members. The Exalted Ruler of each subordinate Lodge is urged to appoint a Lodge Activities Committee to carry out these suggestions. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon getting and holding the interest of the members and their families.

The Lapsation Committee

Our first job this fall is to save the membership we have. Between now and October tenth the officers and the Lapsation Committee should spare neither time nor effort to put every member on the roll in good standing. Many members have become delinquent because they have lost contact with the Lodge. Make them feel that they are wanted in our Fraternity, by a personal visit, and they will keep their dues paid.

The Reinstatement Committee

The members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Reinstatement Committee in each Lodge are enlisted in a nation-wide campaign to bring back to Elkdom thousands of Brothers who strayed away in the easy times prior to 1930, or who were compelled to dimit by the hard times since. You and I know that many of these men will come back if the invitation is extended with brotherly interest and the terms of reinstatement are made easy. This Committee should be made large enough to contact every unaffiliated Elk whom we want back with us, before the campaign closes November 11. The campaign will be opened October first by a letter from me to more than 50,000 of the best prospects furnished by the several Lodges, but the Committee of your Lodge should not limit its activities to the list furnished. When the members of these committees meet in their club rooms Sunday, October 9, to receive their assignments, they will be inspired with the knowledge that a similar group is meeting in all of the 1500 Homes of Elkdom. Working together, we can drive gloom away and restore confidence in the doubters.

The Membership Committee

While the older members of the Lodge are busy reinstating those in arrears or unaffiliated, let the younger members organize an Armistice Day Class to be initiated as a part of the Home Coming celebration on November 11. No order appeals as much as the Elks to the thousands of young men who served in the military forces of our country during the World War, when they are told of its patriotic activities. We want these fine men affiliated with us, and the membership committee should be composed of Brothers best able to tell them so. Little over a month remains to organize this class, so "Let's Go."

The Initiation Fee

Under stress of financial difficulty some Lodges have accepted members without requiring the payment of an initiation fee of \$25.00, in violation of Grand Lodge Statutes. This must be discontinued. If it were lawful, the practice is one which would prove disastrous in the end. The Elks is a distinctive organization and we want to keep it such. Let others offer bargains in fraternal membership while we build on a firm foundation of careful selection. Our aim should always be to hold up the quality of our membership. Then the numbers will come.

Dues of Life Members

Many Lodge secretaries are placing an unnecessary burden on their Lodges by failing to collect Grand Lodge dues from Life Members, as required by Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes. No Life Member was entitled to his card April first until he had paid \$1.35 to the secretary, and if this amount was not collected then, it should be collected now.

The Budget System

Lodges which have recognized the necessity of establishing a budget system and adhering to it strictly find no difficulty in meeting their obligations when they become due. A Lodge that creates obligations without making preparation to meet them is headed for certain disaster. I urge every Lodge to make a conservative estimate of its income for the year and to set aside from this income the money necessary to meet its obligations to the Grand Lodge and the other fixed obligations. After setting aside a certain amount for contingencies, the balance should be appropriated to the different Lodge activities in proportion to their importance.

The Lottery Racket

Many complaints have been made against Lodges which are sponsoring a lottery or some other questionable method of raising money. These rackets are foisted upon unsuspecting officers by professional promoters who take a large share of the profits. Members and friends of the Lodge are induced to buy "chances" on the representation that a fund is being raised for some worthy charity. Such campaigns bring the Lodge and the Order into disrepute, and I sincerely hope will be discontinued. The indictment recently of officers prominent in other fraternities, which it is charged were conducting lotteries, should serve as a warning to officers of our Lodges.

Official Conferences

The loyal response of Exalted Rulers and other subordinate Lodge representatives to my invitations to attend conferences held in connection with State Association meetings has been encouraging. The importance of these conferences cannot be overemphasized. The weaker the Lodge the more important that it be represented. I earnestly solicit the cooperation of all Lodges in sending the representatives to the District Deputy conference in their respective sections. My office must be notified who will attend so arrangements for the meeting can be made.

My Appointments

In selecting those who are to assist me this year, I have endeavored to give due recognition to the claims of different sections of the country, and to appoint Brothers who have proven their ability to perform properly the duties of the office and their interest in our beloved Order by distinctive service in other positions. In this effort I have advised with Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Past District Deputies, State Association officials and others who were entitled to my confidence. If the best available Brother has not been chosen, it was because I had not discovered him when the appointment was made. I earnestly solicit your support of my assistants in making this a great year in Elkdome.

Faternally yours,

Floyd E. Thompson
Grand Exalted Ruler.



Attest:

J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary.

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1932-1933

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Floyd E. Thompson, (Moline, Ill., No. 556), Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—

William H. Harth, (Columbia, S. C., No. 1190).

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—

Clarence Friedman, (Memphis, Tenn., No. 27).

Grand Secretary—

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Grand Esquire—

Henry C. Warner, (Dixon, Ill., No. 779).

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Arthur S. Tompkins, (Haverstraw, N. Y., No. 877), Supreme Court Chambers, Nyack, N. Y.
John S. McClelland, (Atlanta, Ga., No. 78), 202 Court House.

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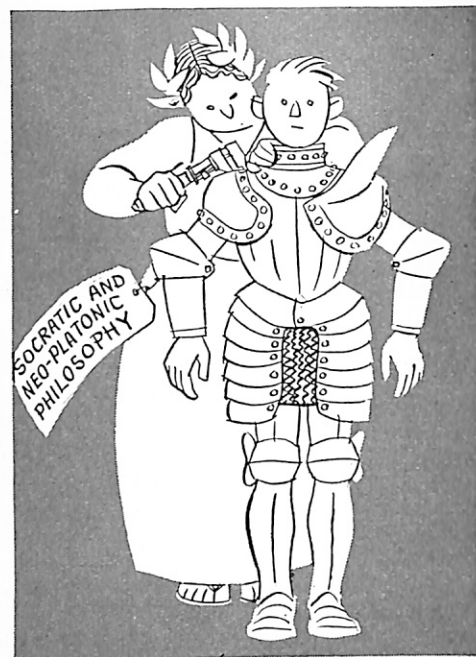
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Missouri, West—E. L. Biersmith, Kansas City, No. 26.
- Montana, West*—H. C. Karow, Kalispell, No. 725.
Montana, East—W. S. Devine, Lewistown, No. 456.
- Nebraska, North*—Charles A. Laughlin, Grand Island, No. 604.
Nebraska, South—Guy T. Tou Velle, Lincoln, No. 80.
- Nevada*—Charles Goodrich, Goldfield, No. 1072.
- New Hampshire*—Benjamin P. Hopkins, Keene, No. 927.
- New Jersey, Northwest*—Aloysius J. Kaiser, Dover, No. 782.
New Jersey, Northeast—Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, No. 434.
New Jersey, South—Charles R. Tomlin, Bridgeton, No. 733.
New Jersey, Central—James V. Harkins, New Brunswick, No. 324.
- New Mexico, North*—E. L. Safford, Santa Fé, No. 460.
New Mexico, South—J. W. Bonem, Tucumcari, No. 1172.
- New York, East*—Joseph E. Vigeant, Poughkeepsie, No. 275.
New York, East Central—John W. Bierlein, Port Jervis, No. 645.
New York, Northeast—Robert J. Walsh, Schenectady, No. 480.
New York, North Central—Samuel D. Matthews, Saranac Lake, No. 1508.
New York, South Central—Martin A. Cameron, Hornell, No. 364.
New York, West—Francis W. O'Donnell, Medina, No. 898.
New York, West Central—P. W. Devendorf, Watertown, No. 496.
- New York, Southeast*—Gustav H. Papenmeyer, Hempstead, No. 1485.
- North Carolina, East*—J. J. Burney, Wilmington, No. 532.
North Carolina, West—Shelley B. Caveness, Greensboro, No. 602.
- North Dakota*—A. C. Pagenkopf, Dickinson, No. 1137.
- Ohio, Southeast*—Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville, No. 114.
Ohio, North Central—T. A. O'Leary, Marion, No. 32.
Ohio, South Central—J. A. Rockey, Lancaster, No. 570.
Ohio, Northwest—John C. Cochrane, Toledo, No. 53.
Ohio, Northeast—R. H. Seymour, Painesville, No. 549.
Ohio, Southwest—P. P. Boli, Hamilton, No. 93.
- Oklahoma, West*—Sam Clark, Alva, No. 1184.
Oklahoma, East—E. C. Cranston, Shawnee, No. 657.
- Oregon, North*—F. M. Franciscovich, Astoria, No. 180.
Oregon, South—William M. Briggs, Ashland, No. 944.
- Pennsylvania, Southwest*—James M. Kelly, Sheraden, No. 949.
Pennsylvania, Northwest—John N. Mark, Oil City, No. 344.
Pennsylvania, Central—F. T. Benson, Kittanning, No. 203.
Pennsylvania, North Central—Henry L. Coira, Danville, No. 754.
Pennsylvania, South Central—John M. Schiele, Clearfield, No. 540.
Pennsylvania, Northeast—Wilbur G. Warner, Lehigh, No. 1284.
Pennsylvania, Southeast—Gurney Afflerbach, Allentown, No. 130.
- Philippine Islands*—A. G. Henderson, Manila, No. 761.
- Porto Rico*—John S. Beck, San Juan, No. 972.
- Rhode Island*—Duncan MacKenzie, Providence, No. 14.
- South Carolina*—L. D. Boyd, Rock Hill, No. 1318.
South Dakota—George C. Hunt, Huron, No. 444.
- Tennessee, East*—J. M. Payne, Chattanooga, No. 91.
Tennessee, West—Hugh W. Hicks, Jackson, No. 192.
- Texas, North*—T. G. Nichols, Amarillo, No. 923.
Texas, Northeast—Wayne Manning, Fort Worth, No. 124.
Texas, Southeast—F. L. Lubben, Galveston, No. 126.
Texas, South—M. Riley Wyatt, San Antonio, No. 216.
Texas, West—N. J. Nanney, Breckenridge, No. 1480.
- Utah*—D. T. Lane, Salt Lake City, No. 85.
- Vermont*—Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, No. 1499.
- Virginia, East*—W. C. Abbott, Newport News, No. 315.
Virginia, West—L. C. Hollis, Winchester, No. 867.
- Washington, East*—Elmer J. Nelson, Wenatchee, No. 1186.
Washington, Northwest—Harry Ballinger, Port Townsend, No. 317.
Washington, Southwest—W. C. Nikolaus, Kelso, No. 1482.
- West Virginia, North*—S. B. Haffner, Elkins, No. 1135.
West Virginia, South—F. M. Peters, Bluefield, No. 269.
- Wisconsin, Northeast*—A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, No. 259.
Wisconsin, Northwest—J. E. Newton, Hudson, No. 640.
Wisconsin, South—P. T. Weber, Racine, No. 252.
- Wyoming*—E. L. Knight, Laramie, No. 582.





Why College?

I AM a college graduate; with a Bachelor of Arts degree from Columbia. (And a lot of good it has done me!)

By Albert Payson Terhune

Drawings by F. G. Cooper

I tell of this, not as a matter of thrilling public interest; but because it will keep you from retorting "Sour grapes!" when you read what I am going to say about the importance of a diploma.

This autumn, more perhaps than ever before, there is a horde of heartsick and bitterly disappointed parents; frustrated in their golden dream of sending their children to college. There is an untold number of boys and girls—chiefly boys—who are shamed and sullen and rebellious because hard times are robbing them of their anticipated chance at a Liberal Education.

All of which is just too bad. Or is it?

From time immemorial, College has been the goal of the average lad whose father could afford to send him there. It has been the cherished plan of the lad's father and mother—especially his mother—that he should have this glorious advantage over lesser youths—this magnificent preparation for his future life.

I wonder how many obituary articles have featured the mighty struggle made by their heroes to work their way through college. I wonder how many million parents have scrimped and saved and gone without things they needed; in order to hoard pitiful sums whose aggregate should send their sons to a university, and keep them there.

I wonder how many billion tons of black despair have been shed over families whose

scion must miss this life chance because of poverty and of the stark need for him to go to work as soon as he leaves high school. I wonder how often black envy has filled the hearts of ambitious boys and girls and of their parents when some neighbor's luckier offspring has gone to a university.

When the Depression Wave swept over America, one of the major problems of countless folk who were buffeted by it was how to save enough out of the wreck to fulfil the lifelong craving to send the Big Boy or his sister to college; or, if Sonny and his sister already were matriculates, how to make ends meet and keep them there.

Old clothes were revamped instead of being thrown away. The quality and quantity of food was cut down; little inexpensive pleasures were mercilessly deleted; overtime work was sought; the belt was tightened to the strangulation point. No sacrifice seemed too great, to scrape together the tuition fees and board of the collegian.

When, as often, these scrapings of the empty treasure chest did not suffice—when the bright hope of a Liberal Education must be given up and the unfortunate child set to work instead—there has been and is and will be, a sense of irretrievable loss.

There is always a sharp humiliation in

having to answer: "None," when one is asked: "What was your college?" Always there is a tinge

of wistful respect in the non-collegian's mental attitude toward some chum who is a university man.

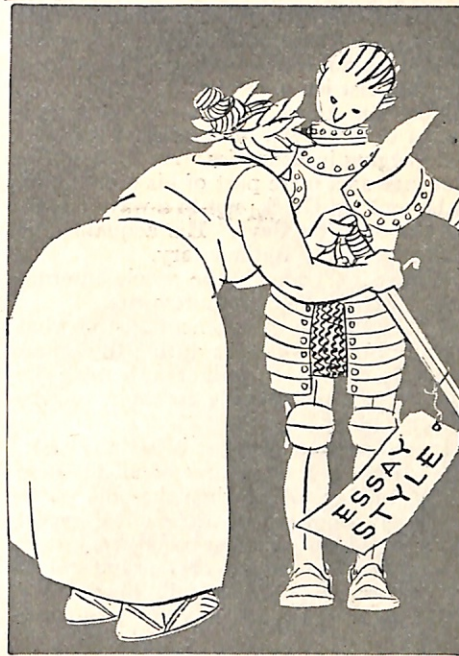
Now what does it all come to?

If the overworked and over-hackneyed "Visitor From Another Planet" were told that College is something which is made the goal of millions of children, from their cradle; that it is something which stamps its possessor with a certain vast superiority; that it is slaved for and starved for and schemed for; that expulsion from it, or failure to pass its graduation requirements, is deemed a foul disgrace; that fathers who did not possess a collegiate degree are ready to make any sacrifice to attain it for their sons and daughters—would not this hypothetical Visitor naturally ask:

"What mighty practical life-benefit is derived from it; to justify all this?"

And I don't think the most ardent upholder of the College Cult would be able to give him a genuinely satisfactory answer.

(I was taught to believe that if I should fail to annex my Bachelor of Arts degree at the university, I would be a wretched outcast for the rest of my long life. I could visualize myself skulking down the street at the age of seventy and having bystanders point jeeringly at me as the man who was not able to get through college. Well, by some rare luck, I managed to gain the degree—with no margin at all—and the sheepskin diploma which went with it. Neither has been the faintest use to me.



I have no idea what became of the silly sheepskin which I labored and worried so endlessly to earn.)

Yet, when anything is regarded as so all-important as a college career, sanity demands a probe into the reasons for such importance. Let's do some probing, shan't we; in a wholly unprejudiced way?

Let us suppose, for example, that we must explain logically to the Visitor From Another Planet just what practical advantages are gained from a Liberal Education; advantages which would have been forever lost without it. Let us look for some sensible answer to his question.

But first, let me say I am speaking only of the so-called Liberal Education acquired by the Classical Course; which is the course taken by the overwhelming majority of those who go to college.

I am not talking about the Vocational Courses—engineering, law, medicine, the ministry, pedagogy, etc., which fit a student solidly for his chosen trade or profession. Those courses are as vitally necessary as the rudiments of arithmetic are needful to a grammar school pupil. They have a direct bearing on all his future life.

But what proportion of students take Vocational Courses? The almost negligible minority. Far less than 10 per cent. The rest go to college for the old-time hard-and-fast Classical—or Liberal—Education.

And, unless they plan to become

teachers, what do they get from it to carry them through their fight for a living? What do they gain to compensate them for the expense; and for the wasting of four irretrievable years? What return does it bring them?

If a youth should spend four years in a good business school, or in apprenticeship to a trade, or in learning some line of practical livelihood by going into a store or a factory or a counting-house as an office boy, and toiling upward for four years—there could be no need of explaining the lifelong benefits of that.

But what do his four years of Classical Education win for him? How do they fit him for what is to follow? How do they justify the sacrifices and the loss of work-time which they entail?

Johnny Smith's father is not rich. He is making an outlay of several thousand dollars in all to send his boy through college. This money might otherwise be spent on a nest-egg against the day when Daddy Smith will be laid off for old age. What does Johnny learn at college, to justify the expense and to fit himself for the business calling which he is going to follow after his graduation?

All these questions are pertinent and strictly in order. Let us make a stagger at answering them. And in our answers, let us stick to everyday common sense and not to time-rotted tradition. As to Johnny Smith:

His Classical Course will give him a temporary semi-acquaintance with Latin and with Greek. Not one Johnny Smith in five hundred will become even reasonably

proficient in either of these languages; or will be able to construe a single page from either, ten years after his graduation.

And even if he spoke and read and wrote both of them as readily as though they were his mother-tongue, what earthly use

would they be to him in hammering a success out of the business world he is to enter?

He will learn Solid Geometry and Calculus and Trigonometry and perhaps an unusable smatter of Surveying. He will grapple dazedly and uselessly with Sturm's Theorem and with Napier's Circular Parts and the like.

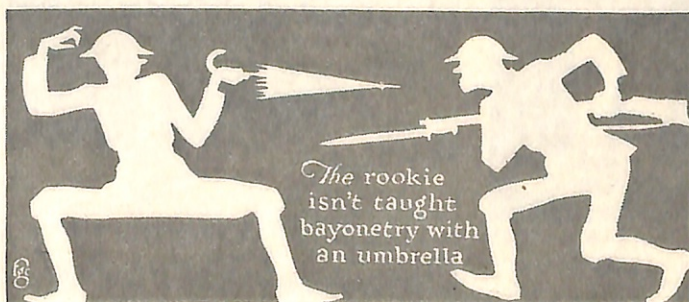
Suppose he is a natural mathematician and has a genuine flair for these subjects. Will their lore teach him how to balance his future checkbook or make out his income tax report or keep a set of simple books in the office he is about to enter? If so, how?

HE WILL learn a garbled bit of Philosophy; including the teachings of the Socratic and Neo-Platonic theories. He will be fed forcibly on indigestible lumps chopped from Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer. Will any or all of these teach him the sublime philosophy of taking life's knocks calmly and of profiting by them? Will they help him master the mystic philosophy of business or of human contacts? If so, how?

Johnny Smith will learn scraps of Ancient History—the secondary causes of the First Punic War, the primary reasons for the perpetual clash between Attica and the Lacedaemonians, the line of events which ousted Sallust from power and gave Caesar his opportunity, the ground-plan of the Battle of Plataea.

Interesting and instructive, all these facts culled from the annals of the far past. But what talisman can Johnny Smith carry from them to uplift and strengthen his own future history? Will they stand by him, for practical use, after graduation? If so, how?

He will learn the difference in essay-style and concept between Lamb and Montaigne. He will learn that Shelley did not confine himself to such literary efforts as the Skylark ode, but also wrote revolutionary poetry. He will learn that at



one time Congreve was acclaimed a greater playwright than Shakespeare.

Oh, he will learn—and forget—a galaxy of interesting facts in his Literature courses! But will they help him draft a strong business letter, in after years, or to frame an advertisement which shall carry a selling pull? If so, how?

JOHNNY SMITH will learn in his Logic Course the striking distinction between the Empiric and the Syllogistic. In Psychology he will be taught to differentiate, at a glance, between a Hallucination and an Illusion. In Political Economy he will study the moot point as to what stages of national development are benefited by Free Trade and which stages are not; and he will be told that an unworked mine is merely Wealth, while the mine's worked products may be termed Capital.

All splendidly interesting and instructive. But will they be of the remotest use to Johnny Smith? If so, how?

He will learn, in Botany, to define "deciduous" and "dehiscent," and that chlorophyll is a colorless coloring agent. In Physics, he will be shown that certain sounds are too high for the human ear to register and will memorize some chatty inferences about the Spectrum.

Perhaps he can put those vital truths to lifesaving use when he has a living to make. But if so, how?

He will study one Modern Language. Note that I say he will "study" it; not that he will *learn* it. If, by some rare chance, Johnny Smith could come out of college with a complete knowledge of a modern language—a knowledge which would permit him to speak and understand it without difficulty and (supreme test) to THINK in it—he would have an asset which might not only be useful to him in business and elsewhere, but which would be a lifelong pleasure and convenience to him. But does he?

How many graduates can carry on a rapid business conversation or personal dialogue in the one modern language they were forced to study at the university? Take a skilled linguist with you, some

day, and call on Johnny Smith. Ask Johnny what modern language he specialized in as an undergraduate. Then turn your linguist loose on him.

Nineteen times in twenty, Johnny's end of the talk will be a series of sputters and gagging inaccuracies. He took up the language as a mere part of his curriculum, as he took up Greek; not in a way to stick by him in after days. His acquaintance with it is barely rudimentary.

And so on through the whole interminable list of college requirements.

I have told you the general gist of what Johnny Smith is taught during those four years in which he might otherwise be gaining an unbreakable foothold on the success-ladder.

In the name of all that is halfway sane, what possible use are any or all of these subjects going to be; when the boy has to face the business or professional world struggle? How are they going to justify those four precious years of time and study?

How are they going to fulfil his parents' high hopes? How are they going to atone for the myriad hardships the average parent must undergo in putting a child through college?

Being an oldster, my thoughts run perhaps unduly to the parent's side of the problem; rather than to the student's. And I sadden at thought of the pitiful and worse than useless sacrifices made at the Shrine of Higher Education.

It is high time for someone to put a fat stick of dynamite under this College Fetish and to blow it into the limbo of useless things, where it belongs.

We sneer, compassionately, at the folly of pagans who impoverished themselves to bring rich sacrifices to their demon-gods in the hope of attaining good fortune; and at the Hindu mothers who weepingly threw their babies to the crocodiles, by way of votive offerings. There can be no sneer (but there must be infinite compassion) for the fathers and mothers who go hungry to win their child a Bachelor of Arts degree; and for the fathers and

mothers who sorrowingly believe themselves unworthy failures in life because they cannot afford to make this futile sacrifice for their young.

God help them—and open their eyes to the grim folly of it all!

A Classical Education, by itself, never yet helped a boy or a girl to hold down successfully a fifteen-dollar-a-week job in the business world. A few of the degree-bearers' store or office mates look at them with an envying reverence, as college graduates—having been taught from babyhood that such graduates have a mysterious advantage over non-collegians. But this is all the benefit reaped in such cases—a worse than doubtful benefit, at that.

A Classical Education and its ensuing A. B. degree are chiefly useful to impress those who have been deprived of them. I may be dense, but I fail to see in what way this justifies the grievous waste of years and of cash.

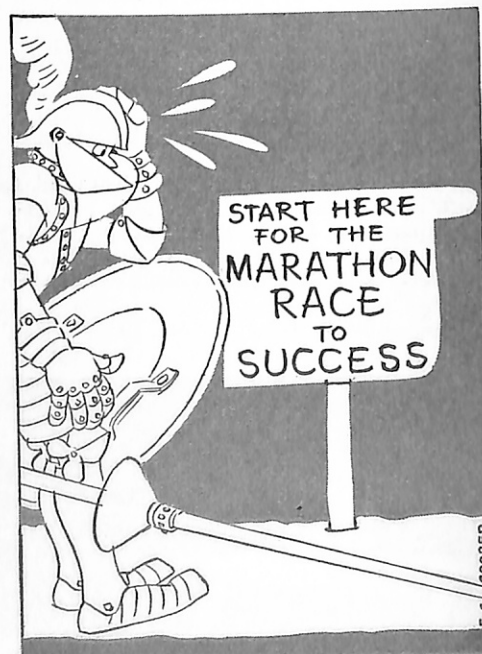
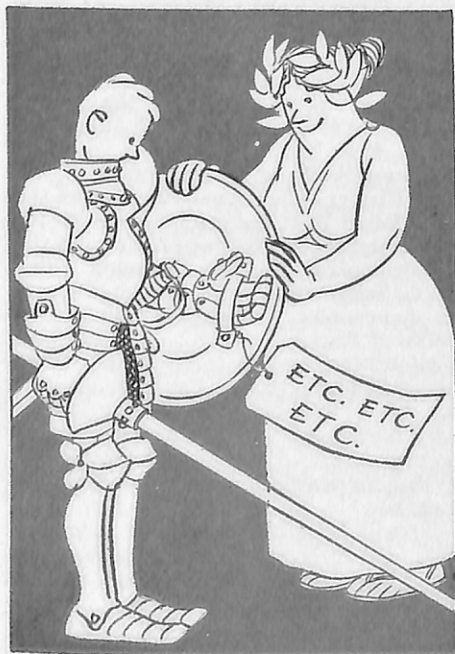
There is another and more sinister angle to college life; one that has been touched on again and again in the newspapers during the past decade or so: there is not one of you who read this—if also you are newspaper readers—who has not read repeatedly of the suicides of collegians.

WH Y do they kill themselves or attempt to kill themselves? Usually, because they think they are not popular and because they failed to "make" certain exclusive fraternities, or because they could not keep up their end, financially, with the sons and daughters of richer students.

This has been recorded not merely once or twice in the papers, but more often than I can say. So often that it has been the theme of numerous editorials.

Yet I have still to read the first case of a man or woman who has committed suicide because of fancied unpopularity in a business office or in a factory or a store. In these places young people learn the actual values of life; not the utter snobbery that prevails to a greater or less extent in

(Continued on page 47)





*Ordinary seaman on the Elsie K.,
Brian dreamed of the day when
Bethane men would sing a great
hymn in the falling twilight*

By

William Chamberlain

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

The Accolade

THE Master Showman must have chuckled to himself behind the scenes when he pulled the puppet strings which brought Alan Wentworth and Brian Sande together and made them friends. However, that is the Showman's way, and the more incongruous the antics of his players the broader grows his smile as he waggles his fingers and tangles the threads.

Perhaps he laughed aloud when ten thousand Bethane men arose one autumn afternoon and, with bared heads, sang MEN OF BETHANE to Brian Sande as the dusk gathered over the stadium. Yes, perhaps he laughed aloud—and perhaps, instead, he smiled understandingly for that, too, is the Master Showman's way.

Bethane University is old and tradition clings to her venerable head like the ivy which creeps over her ancient walls as she sits patiently in the sun of New England. For two hundred years Bethane has gathered the young men about her feet, fostered them sternly, sent them out into the world with her stamp of manhood on their faces and her teachings of loyalty and honor in their hearts. And, for the mightiest of her sons she reserves the final honor—that soul-filling moment when ten thousand voices roll up in one great pean of acclaim, MEN OF BETHANE.

Bethane men have come to high places; they have been seated in halls of judgment; they have guided governments; they have

charted strange oceans and founded great industries, but no Bethane man will ever have greater honor given him than to stand, bareheaded in the dusk, while Bethane men sing that song—to him. That song is not given to many; the ones who have heard it won't forget.

It was natural enough that Alan Wentworth should hear that song. That was part of the Wentworth tradition—just as the Wentworth men had always come to Bethane, just as Wentworth men drove fast cars and rode spirited horses and gathered in the big hall at The Oaks for the hunting. A booted and spurred breed were the Wentworths; sportsmen and gentlemen and, of them, Alan was not the least. That was the heritage of the Wentworths.

With Brian Sande it was different. The only heritage which the elder Sande had bequeathed to his son had been a stout heart, some good advice and the knowledge that, in his youthful blood, there flowed the strain of champions.

"Keep your chin down, son, and use both hands to the body when the going gets stiff."

Brian Sande Senior's whimsical gray eyes had lighted for a moment as he looked at the solemn-faced youngster beside him. Seven-year-old Brian didn't cry. Oddly enough he had understood when, a few minutes before, his father had told him of that Day, that Sacred Day, back in the dusty years when Michael Brian Sande

stood, bareheaded in the dusk, while a great song roared up to the stars.

He knew too, with a boy's clear understanding, that Kid Death would be the first opponent ever to have his arm raised in token of victory over the calm-faced man who lay on the broken-down cot in one of the "two-bit flops" of San Francisco's waterfront. That man had been Fighting Micky Sande, Champion—and a champion's son didn't cry.

"You're a gentleman, son, and remember—a gentleman plays a clean game and he plays it through to the end."

It hadn't been a soft boyhood. Until he was fourteen Brian lived with old Shandy Bragan, sleeping on a mattress at the back of Shandy's store, helping Shandy make his rounds in a decrepit junk wagon. In the winters Shandy let him go to school, and he played football on the vacant lot behind Rotter's Feed Barn with the tough kids from Sumner Street.

Football came naturally to Brian Sande. He played it with a sort of inspired ferocity—and football wasn't just a game with the tough kids from Sumner Street. It was a battle where nothing was barred, but Brian was a champion's son and he played his game clean. At first the tough kids jeered at the solemn-faced, tawny-haired boy who refused to gouge an eye or twist an elbow in a close scrimmage, but that was not for long. You can't laugh at a champion.

They didn't know that Brian was preparing himself for a moment.

When he was fifteen Brian went to sea, ordinary seaman on the *Elsie K.*, San Francisco to Sydney. There he pored over text-books when he was off watch and



dreamed of the day when Bethane men would sing a great hymn in the falling twilight. At eighteen he was a young giant with cool gray eyes, a sweeping flare of shoulder and a first-mate's papers.

It was on the old *Elsie K.* that Brian played his first game for Bethane—played it with such giants as McWilliams and Gus Horton and Johnny Wentworth. Brian was sixteen and he lay in the after-well deck of the old tramp as she lay tied up at a dirty pier in the Pasig River. A stream of half-naked coolies trotted by, baskets on their shoulders and coal dust streaking their sweating faces. Above their heads clattered the babble of a dozen bastard tongues. The sun blistered the steel plates of the deck and from the river and the city which squatted astride the river the ten thousand smells of the Orient crawled lazily into the air.

But Brian knew none of it as he lay on his stomach, chin cradled in his hands. Even the pink sport page of the two-months'-old States' newspaper, crumpled under his elbows, was forgotten. His nostrils were tasting the sweet, crisp air of New England autumn; beneath his cleated feet he could feel the springy turf of a football field. He heard the pound of running feet, the thud of plunging bodies. His cotton singlet had changed to a black, gold-barred jersey; he was crouching

behind a line of tense men waiting for the signal.

It came!

The great McWilliams was plowing his way through those blue-sweated men in front, ripping their line to shreds; Gus Horton was blocking out the end who tried to come in; Johnny Wentworth was slipping the ball into his arms, shouting at him with fierce exultation.

"Take it through, boy!"

He was slashing his way through blue tacklers who reached for him with vicious arms. He was spinning, darting, driving his way forward. The path was clear! He was pounding down the field with the white lines flashing by under his feet; he was crossing the goal line while Bethane men roared madly in the stands.

THEN—he was standing, a lump rising in his throat, while ten thousand voices rose in solemn chant. The New England night was dropping softly over the white-barred field. Brian Sande drew in his breath slowly.

Mister McCann, the Chief, staggered down the hot pier waving a bottle over his head and shouting a tuneless song at the top of his lungs. The basket-laden coolies laughed and cracked obscene jokes in sing-song pidgin. The sun beat down on the steel plates with monstrous heat.

Slowly Brian came back from a far world as he climbed to his feet, crumpled the newspaper in his hands.

That was the road which brought Brian Sande to Bethane when he was nineteen. People looked twice at Brian. He was beautiful with a masculine, Viking-like beauty—tawny-haired with gray eyes watching casually from a brown, serious face; broad of shoulder and lean of hip with muscles which seemed to jump and flow under his skin. There were little wrinkles around his eyes—wrinkles put there by much peering into empty, brassy sea. He seldom smiled.

Brian stood with the rest of the candidates for the freshman squad while long afternoon shadows slanted across the practice field. An assistant coach looked over the assembly with a critical eye while he snapped sharp questions. Brian was standing in front of him.

"What's your name, mister?"

"Brian Sande, sir."

"Where'd you ever play football?"

Brian hesitated. The last man to be questioned had played at St. Paul's; the man before him had been an outstanding tackle at Cardiff Hall. It was hard to tell these men that all his playing had been done on the sandlot back of Rotter's Feed Barn with the tough kids from Sumner Street. Then he remembered the advice



They ran as one man; they ran toward him. With tender hands they were lifting him, turning him to face the stands.

that man tackles? Sandlot player! By Judas, I wish I had ten other sandlot players like him! All right! You, there! What's *your* name?"

THAT was a truly great freshman eleven—a steam roller. With Alan Wentworth at quarter and Brian Sande at half, it slashed through a season to the tune of Bethane Freshman, 203; Opponents, 0. Those who knew hailed Brian and Alan as the greatest backfield combination which had ever graced Bethane turf. It was a team sweet to watch as it clicked along like a well-oiled machine under Alan's skilful hands.

It was Alan slicing through the line, sweeping the ends, . . . changing pace to sift through a broken field like an elusive ghost. It was Alan dropping back to punt—long, spiraling kicks which traveled fifty yards from the scrimmage line. It was Brian taking out tacklers like a black and gold thunderbolt; Brian stopping opposing ball carriers with deadly, crushing sureness; it was Brian hurling himself through a tangle of groping arms which tried to stop him as he piled up Bethane's score.

Alan Wentworth was a slim blade of Toledo steel, thrusting, parrying, darting at the weak spot of an opponent, feinting, thrusting again with bewildering and devastating rapidity. Brian Sande was a cutlass, beating down the barriers which rose in front of him, driving through by the very ruthlessness of his attack. A great pair they made in Bethane's freshman backfield—a great pair they would make on Bethane's varsity.

The team was nervous, fidgety, as they waited for the signal to trot out onto the field. State had beaten Bethane last year—this year State was stronger than ever. Bethane's team was green, almost untried, although they had bowled along through midseason opponents like a black and gold hurricane. The newspapers had seen, hailed them as coming champions.

Bethane's great running backs, Wentworth and Sande, had carried the brunt of the attack.

Brian slapped his hands together nervously as he waited in the shadow of his own goal posts for the referee's whistle. Near the other sideline Alan shouted and waved his hand.

"We'll take them, fellow!"

(Continued on page 36)

of that old champion back on the waterfront in San Francisco.

"Play it square, son—and play it out to the end." Brian looked squarely at the assistant coach.

"I've never played anything except sandlot football, sir."

"H'm." The assistant's eyes traveled over Brian's lean face, flat hips, breadth of shoulder. "Sandlot, eh? Wentworth! Come over here!"

Alan Wentworth had had no need to stand in line to be questioned by an assistant coach. For three years now Alan had smashed through the prep school leagues with a brilliance which promised that the shoes of his brother, the great Johnny Wentworth, would be ably filled. Now he sauntered over, a handsome black-headed boy with straight lips and a cool stare. The assistant coach tossed him a football.

"Bring it down the field. Let's see you stop him, mister."

The coach waved his arm and Alan flashed down the practice field, running with the effortless, knee-lifting stride which had baffled tacklers for three seasons. The other candidates stopped talking and watched.

Brian waited, eyes on the runner. Then he took two steps, hurled himself out and down, twisted as he fell so that Alan's momentum acted as a lever. It was a sweet tackle, one which slashed the run-

ner's legs from beneath him as though he had been struck by a mighty scythe. The ball spurted from Alan's arms and rolled on the turf—no prep-school tackler had ever boasted that he had made Alan Wentworth fumble.

Brian got to his feet slowly, stretched a hand to help the dazed Alan. He picked up the ball and tucked it under his arm.

He said, "Sorry I spilled you so hard. I had to hit that way to get you."

Alan brushed imaginary dust from his knees—then straightened and looked at the sandlot player. For an instant their glances clashed. Each measured the other with the cold, pitiless analysis of youth; then Alan put out his hand.

"Nice play," he said slowly. "You jarred my back teeth loose—almost."

Together they walked back to the side-lines. There can be no jealousy between champions.

By the bench the assistant coach waved his hands and glared at the crowd of candidates around him.

"You see how



On The

George M. Cohan, writer, producer, and well-loved actor, is making his first talking picture—"The Phantom President." It is political, but the politics is broad comedy and it has incidental music. Mr. Cohan, pictured at the left with his leading lady, Claudette Colbert, plays a dual rôle. He is T. K. Blair, Presidential nominee, who gives his backers considerable concern because of his lack of sex appeal; and he is Doc Varney, medicine showman, who is a physical double for President-elect Blair. Fate tosses Doc Varney into the hands of the national politicians who inveigle him into "fronting" for their candidate, and to complicate further the dramatic situation for the versatile medicine-man he presently finds himself in love with and courting the daughter of an ex-President



Screenland and the broadcasting studios have joined hands in the filming of "The Big Broadcast," a story of the trials and struggles of the men and women of the air, with interesting glimpses of the intrigues of station against station. The two pictured at the right are Stuart Erwin and Leila Hyams, mainstays of the love story, which has Bing Crosby as its hero. To name a few of the radio-stars whom you may see as well as hear there will be Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, Arthur Tracy, Cab Calloway and Vincent Lopez



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Nancy Carroll (left) have gone far afield for the story called "Scarlet Dawn," which co-stars them. They have gone, in short, to Russia at the moment of the outbreak of the revolution. The revolution, however, is merely background to the love story of these two: he a prince of the house of Krasnoff and she a faithful peasant girl who follows Prince Nikiti in his efforts to escape from the country. They finally reach Constantinople, where Nikiti meets Lilyan Tashman, a former flame, and his loyalty to Tanyusha is put to the test

Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

At the right is Herbert Marshall, lately from England and most recently leading man to Marlene Dietrich, caught between the dark fire of Kay Francis and the sparkling blond lure of Miriam Hopkins. This is the fate that befalls him in the picture tentatively titled "The Honest Finder," a European drama adapted by Samson Raphaelson from a play of that name by Aladar Laszlo



Norma Shearer (left) is enacting on the screen the rôle of Kathleen in "Smiling Through," which once made Jane Cowl famous on the stage. This is the charmingly sentimental story of two great loves: Sir John Carteret's tragic romance with the beautiful Monyeen Clare and the love of his niece Kathleen, many years later, for the son of Jeremy Wayne, the man responsible for Monyeen's death. Fredric March, pictured with Miss Shearer, plays the gallant Capt. Kenneth Wayne

Lionel Barrymore is about to appear in the title rôle of "Rasputin," that self-styled prophet who gained absolute dominion over Russia's imperial rulers and earned for himself the title of "The Holy Devil." All the brilliant, tragic drama of the last days of the Romanoff dynasty centered around the unfathomable personality of this uncouth, powerful peasant who lived a riotous life and whose mysterious power over men and women raised him to a figure of world-wide interest. The three famous Barrymores will all be present in the picture: John as Prince Paul, shown with Rasputin at the right, and Ethel as the ill-fated Tsaritsa





Fillip Jones was frothing. "My play has gone, Forcep. Somebody stold it!"

The Whites of Their Lies

FLORIAN SLAPPEY entered the tiny apartment occupied by Forcep Swain and sank into an easy chair.

Mr. Slappey was gayly haberdashed, but his habitual expression of serenity was conspicuous by its absence.

"Ise whupped," he confessed.

"By who?"

"Ain't no Who, Forcep—it's a Which."

"You utters words, Brother Slappey, but they don't sound so sensible."

"For neither don't what I has been doin'." Florian inspected the shining toe of his right shoe. "Brother Swain, would you be s'prised to know that I has entered this heah one-act play contest bein' conducted by the Very Small Theater for Colored?"

"No," said Forcep candidly. "It woul'n't s'prise me, on account ev'y cullud pusson which can spell cat has started writin' plays. They all crave to git crowned One-Act Laureate of Bumminham."

"Me too," sighed Florian. He lighted a cigarette, mopped his forehead with a lavender-bordered silk handkerchief and asked a question.

"You is my friend, ain't you, Forcep?"

"I is," lied Mr. Swain.

Florian heaved a sigh of relief. Good old Forcep, he reflected; a friend in need if there ever was one.

Fortunately for his own peace of mind, Mr. Slappey was not privileged to know what Mr. Swain was thinking at the mo-

ment. He did not suspect that in the heart of Mr. Swain there existed a deep, black, bitter anger. He could not know that Forcep recently had learned to hate him.

Florian only knew that Forcep beamed upon him and invited confidences. He saw his slender friend seated behind a desk which was littered with literature destined some day to flicker on the screen as the product of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Mr. Swain was the one and only author on the Midnight payroll, and also held the distinction of being the only professional writer in Birmingham's Darktown.

BETWEEN Messrs. Slappey and Swain a friendship had existed for many years. They were both gentlemen of parts: cosmopolitan in their tastes, sophisticated in outlook and somewhat contemptuous of their dusky brethren. And Florian did not suspect Mr. Swain's resentment of himself because he believed he had performed a great favor for the dapper little writing man.

Several months since, Forcep—until then a colored gentleman of discernment and independence where women were concerned—had lost his head and heart over a dark and widowed lady named

Gladys Snack. Mr. Swain's introduction to the devastating effects of love warped his judgment, blinded his eyes and caused his brain to cease functioning. He regarded Mrs. Snack as the ultima thule of feminine perfection and proclaimed his devotion to any who would listen—including his friend Florian.

Mr. Slappey was shocked; not perhaps because Forcep was enamored of a lady, but because of the particular damsel he had chosen.

Florian—in common with hundreds of others in Birmingham—knew that however gentle and lovely Mrs. Snack might appear to Forcep; she was in fact a termagant, a virago, a shrew—and in other respects highly undesirable. Some of this opinion Mr. Slappey attempted to convey to his friend, but he did not proceed beyond the second sentence.

"Brother Slappey," interrupted Forcep—"I know you mean well, but I can't permit you to say things like that 'bout the lady I ambition to commit matrimony with."

"Great sufferin' tripe!" ejaculated Florian: "You ain't standin' there tellin' me that you crave to marry Gladys!"

"Tha's the one thing I don't hope to do nothin' else but."

"Well, sell me for a creampuff! Can you 'magine that? Why, Forcep, of all the wuthless, hell-raisin', no-count females. . . ."

"Florian! Does you value our friendship, I insist that you desist."

"All right, Forcep: whatever that means—I does it. But I hate to see any baddy of mine th'ow himself away on such a woman."

Further conversation convinced Mr. Slappey that Forcep was hopelessly entangled; that he regarded the acidulous Widow Snack as a paragon of virtue; that he was, in short, eager to dedicate his life and earnings to her.

Mr. Slappey was not a passive person. Since Mr. Swain would not consent to be rescued, it behooved Florian to perform the rescue anyway—and he launched a clever campaign in which—to his way of thinking—the end justified his definitely questionable means. By the use of gossip and innuendo, he caused Mrs. Snack to believe that Forcep Swain despised her and was mocking the courtship behind her back.

HER epic temper burst forth one night and she dismissed Forcep with a display of verbal pyrotechnics which plunged him into the nadir of misery. Several times after that Forcep strove to explain matters, but Gladys Snack made it clear that she was through with him forever and ever, Amen . . . and all the satisfaction Forcep derived from their interview was the suspicion that the trouble had been brewed by Florian Slappey.

Mr. Swain investigated and verified his worst misgivings. Too late now, he figured, to mend the breach with his lady love—but he determined that some day, somehow, he would even the score with Florian.

He was content to wait—camouflaging a fierce enmity with the smiling face and warm handclasp of friendship. It did not matter to him that Florian had labored altruistically: Mr. Swain loved Gladys Snack and refused to believe evil of her—therefore he loathed Florian, not alone for his criticism, but also for what he—Forcep—considered unfair, unjust and unwarranted interference.

Gazing now across the stack of continuities on his desk into the face of Mr. Slappey, Forcep understood the glee which suffuses the spider when a particularly juicy fly wanders into his web. Obviously Mr. Slappey needed help—and equally obviously the visitor did not suspect that Forcep knew of his interference in the love affair. Mr. Swain realized that his position was strategically perfect.

"You been writin'?" inquired Forcep amiably.

"Have I been writin'?" Mr. Slappey made violent gestures. "Forcep—I been wrastlin' with that dictionary so long Ise muscle

bound. An' I git good ideas, too, but when I put 'em down on paper, they don't read so hot."

"Nuthin' ain't easy," commented Mr. Swain.

"Is you tellin' me? When I started off I thought all I had to do was rent me a typewriter an' buy a few sheets of paper. But now . . ." Mr. Slappey whistled expressively and sank back in his chair.

Mr. Swain tapped on the desk.

"What is you aimin' to do, Florian?"

"Ise aimin' to git crowned One-Act Laureate of Bumminham. You see, when I thought the thing was gwine be easy—this writin' business, I mean—I went aroun' tellin' folks that I was gwine enter, an' when they laughed an' said I di'n't have no chance—I started boastin' that I would win sure. That means there's a whole heap of cullud folks in town which is just achin' fo' a chance to laugh at me—an' bein' laughed at ain't the fondest thing I is of."

"Why did you come to me?"

"Sev'al reasons. Fust off, I thought that on account you was a professional writer, you woul'n't enter the contest. Is I right?"

"Sort of. There ain't no rule against it—but I figgered it woul'n't be fair. An' besides, they has chose me to be a judge."

"Fine. Now us is friends, Forcep—an'

I don't mean maybe. In fack, you don't know how good a friend of your'n I is."

"Yes I do, Florian. I know more than what you think."

"Le's don't discuss that. It doesn't differ, anyhow. Now, what I crave to have you do is to slap me out a one-act play which will win the prize."

"Me? Write yo' play?"

"Tha's the most thing I mean. Golla, Forcep—cain't you 'magine what a kick I'll git out of bein' chose One-Act Laureate of Bumminham? What do you say?"

Mr. Swain was thinking—and thinking fast. A gorgeous scheme was fermenting in his brain.

"I coul'n't hardly write you no play. Brother Slappey. Me bein' a judge, it woul'n't be fair."

"Fumadiddles! I got to win, don't I?"

"Yeh. . . ." Forcep strolled to the window and stood looking out across the broad expanse of Avenue B. "Leave me think, Florian—leave me think."

Mr. Slappey leaved him think, although this required all Florian's stock of patience. And then Mr. Swain turned from the window. His countenance was shining.

"I got it!" he exclaimed.

"You got which?"

"An idea how you can win this contest an' be crowned One-Act Laureate of Bumminham."

"Hot ziggity dam! I knowed you woul'n't th'ow me down."

"You want to heah how?"

"You tell me, Brother. I'm all intention!"

Mr. Swain crossed to the bookcase and selected a thin, gray volume.

"THIS," he explained, "is a collection of one-act plays by a feller named Lord Dunsany."

"Who he?"

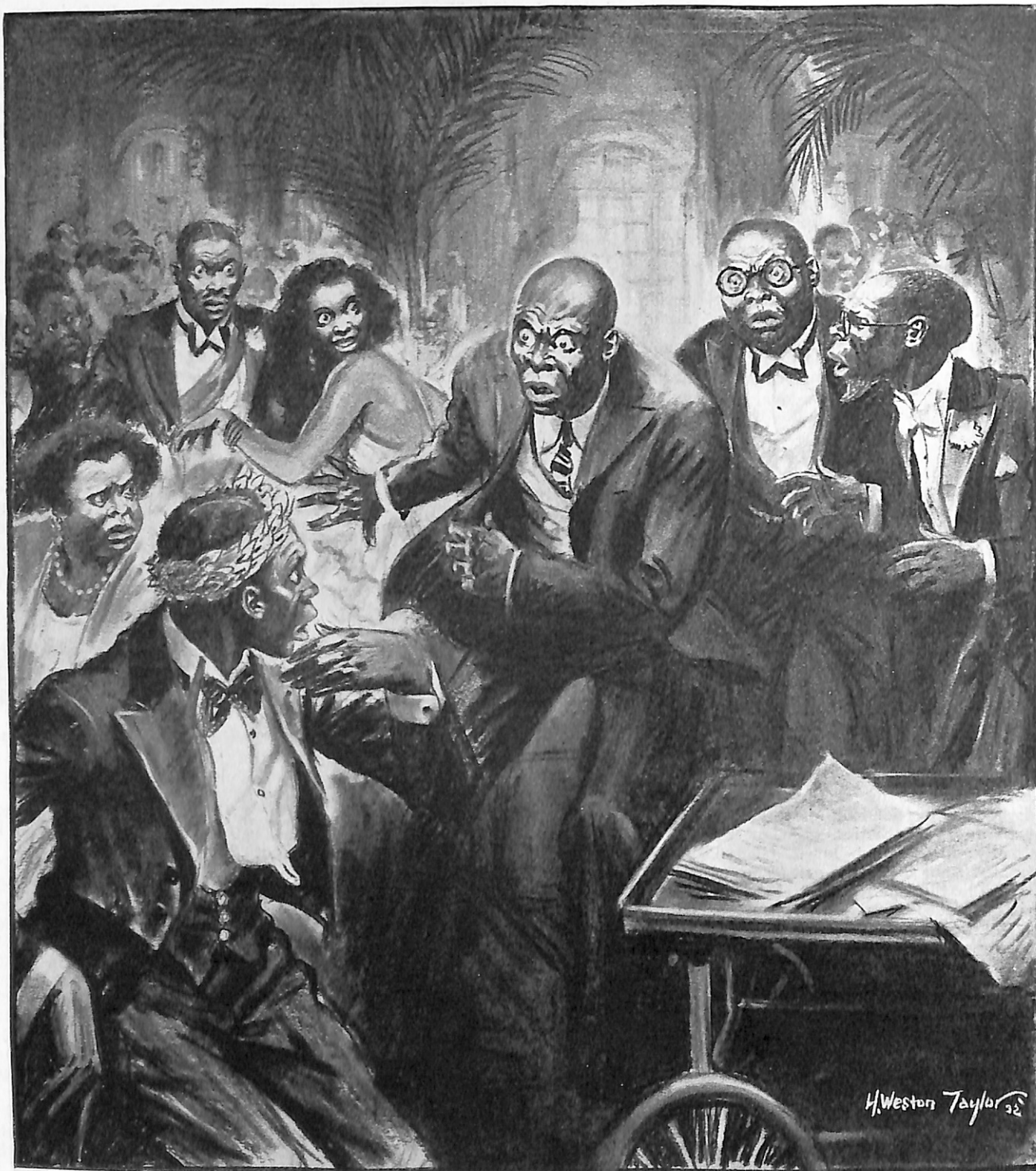
"Jes' a foreigner. Englishman, I reckon. Anyway, he could really rip into a one-act play when he had a mind to. Now lemme see. . . ." Mr. Swain thumbed through the pages. "Heah we is! The Glittering Gate."

Florian shook his head. "Ise all dumbed up, Forcep. Seems like the mo' you talk, the less I understand."

Mr. Swain became explanatory. He informed Florian that Lord Dunsany's book had been printed in England—and that it was a virtual certainty no other colored person in Birmingham owned a copy or ever had heard of the gentleman. Therefore, said Forcep—if Florian were to copy The Glittering Gate



Florian was rising. His face was ashen. "I—I suddenly ain't feeling so terrible good, Fillip," he said.



under his own name, no one would be the wiser.

"Would you vote fo' it?" inquired Mr. Slappey.

"I coul'n't do nothin' else. Ise s'posed to vote fo' the best one-act play submitted—an' this is bound to be it."

Mr. Slappey was just a mite apprehensive. "You mean just copy it like it is?"

"Ceptin' a few changes so nobody's feelin's won't be hurt. F'rinstance, in Mistuh Dunsany's play they is a whole lot of beer bottles scattered aroun', an' you'd have to make them some sort of soda pop. An' you'd change the title to—lemme see—The Solid Gold Gate."

"Swell. What's the play about?"

"Kinda highbrow an' classy. They's

Mr. Phillip Jones—victim of an anger of which he had not believed himself capable—tossed spectators aside and plunged toward the cowering figure of Mr. Swain

on'y two fellers in it an' they is bofe dead."

"Quit kiddin'. How can dead mens talk?"

"I dunno. But in this play, they do. They is a couple burglars, which one of them has got shot an' the other was hung twenty years ago, an' they meet outside the gates of Heaven an' try to burgle their way in."

"Sounds goofy to me."

"It is goofy, but tha's what makes it literary."

"Tha's right." Mr. Slappey slipped the book in his pocket. "Heah's where I git busy."

"Fine." Mr. Swain was eager that nothing should slip. "You is feemiliar with the rules of the contes', ain't you, Florian? You don't sign no name. 'Stead of that, you put yo' name on a card an' stick that card in an envelope. Then when the committee gits the manuscrip's, they put a number on each an' the same number on the envelope which comes with it. They won't know who wrote which until the crownin' of the One-Act Laureate is about to occur."

"But you'll reckernize the play an' vote fo' it, won't you?"

"Sho'ly I will, Brother Slappey. Ain't I yo' friend?"

Mr. Slappey departed, humming gayly. As he swung southward toward Sis Callie

(Continued on page 40)

Shear Nonsense

The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted:

"Has anyone seen me vest?"

"Sure, Murphy," said Pat, "and ye've got it on."

"Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it, or I'd have gone home without it."

—Capper's Farmer.

Henry (at the races): "Let me back one more horse. I promise you it'll be the last."

Wife (gloomily): "It usually is."

—Karikaturen.

A distinguished old one-legged colonel

Once started to edit a jolonel:

But soon, quite disgusted,

Gave up—he was busted—

And cried, "The expense is infolonel!"

—Kitchener Record.

"Henry," whispered his wife, "I'm convinced there's a burglar downstairs."

"Well, my dear," replied her husband, drowsily, "I hope you don't expect me to have the courage of your convictions."

—Washington Star.

A man whose son was an applicant for a position in the Civil Service, but who had been repeatedly "turned down," said: "It's hard luck, but Bill has missed that Civil Service again. It looks like they just won't have him, that's all."

Friend: "What was the trouble?"

Man: "Well, he was kinder poor at spellin' and geography an' he didn't do too well in arithmetic."

Friend: "What's he going to do about it?"

Man: "I don't know. Times are not so good for us, an' I reckon he'll have to go back to school teachin'."

—Ferne Free Press.

A man should always make up his mind which side is right before he acts," said Murphy's somewhat serious-minded friend.

"Away wid ye!" laughed Murphy. "The foight would as like as not be all over by that time!"

—Legion Weekly.

At this late date Georgie Price informs me that he can make up a sentence with the word "vicious" like this: "Well, best vicious for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

And "amphibian." "So you think I amphibian, do you? Well, I can prove it."

And Solly Rosen can make up one with "cigaret": "Cigaret life if you don't weaken."

—New York Morning Telegraph.

And now the gay suburbanite,
Expending his last nickel,
Proceeds to carry home at night
1 hoe
1 rake
1 sickle.

His garden is well under way
And if he keeps on workin'
He'll have on some late summer day
1 beet
1 squash
1 gherkin.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Anxious Mother: "How do you know Mr. Hobson is in love with you? Has he told you so?"

Pretty Daughter: "No-o! But you should see the way he looks at me when I'm not looking at him!"

—Boston Globe.

"How's your farm work coming?"
"Oh, fine! Got the billboard and hot-dog stand painted, and the filling station stocked full of gas."

—Capper's Weekly.

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."

—Chaser.



A man applied to a famous film producer for a super's job.

"If you want me at all," said the actor, "you'd better put me on the salary list right now. There are a lot of other companies after me."

"Yes," answered the director, who had often heard that remark before. "And what companies are they?"

"Well," said the actor, "there's the electric light company, the gas company, and the telephone company."

—Montreal Star.

"Doesn't that soprano have a large repertoire?"

"Yes, and that dress she has on makes it look worse."

—Capper's Weekly.



New Stores for Old

By John Chapman Hilder

Drawings by Louis Fancher

NEEDING some tobacco one morning a few weeks ago, I drove over to Will Burns' cross-roads store. It's barely a mile to Will's place, against nine to the nearest town, but we seldom patronize Will except in emergencies. His store is dark and stuffy, and half the time, when you ask him for something, he has to play hunt the slipper to find it. High up on his shelves are dusty cans and ancient bottles, their labels faded beyond recognition. Behind the counter on one side of the store stands a row of old-fashioned tea and coffee bins—you know the kind—made of heavy enamelled tin, with gilt flowers and curlicues painted on them. Will has had those bins ever since I can remember. But on the morning I went there to buy tobacco, I found him moving them from their accustomed places.

"Going to throw them away?" I inquired, having long coveted one for a wood box in our living-room.

"Going to store 'em in the barn for a while," said Will. "Now that everybody's buyin' package stuff, I figure I don't open one of these bins once a month. You know—it beats all how things have changed. Keepin' store ain't what it used to be. I don't know what we're coming to. Here I've been runnin' this place gettin' on for thirty years, but seems like I been doin' it all wrong. . . ."

"There was a young fellow came in the other day, jobber's salesman he was, told me I'd ought to rip out most of my shelves and counters and set things around on open tables. He said how in the store of the future most all the stock's goin' to be arranged that way. Got me kind of riled up at first, and I says to him: 'Son, reckon I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks.' But after he'd gone I got to

thinkin'—" Will scratched his grizzled head and regarded his ancient bins wistfully, "maybe 'twouldn't harm anything to change things around some. I ain't worryin' much about the store of the future, but I'd like mighty well to do some more business right now. . . . Only thing is," he wound up perplexedly, "once I get started makin' changes, when'll I ever stop? Fellow can't keep on changin' all the time. . . ."

Having work to do, I asked him for a can of tobacco, wished him luck and drove home. But all day my thoughts kept reverting to old Will and his problem. That phrase—the store of the future—stuck in my mind and roused my curiosity.

I recalled a picture I had seen some months before, a drawing depicting a future grocery as a place with soft rugs on the floor and little tables with shaded lamps and easy chairs for the customers. And I remembered other pictures I had run across from time to time showing imaginary clerkless stores, with batteries of slot machines, "robot salesmen," rising tier on tier from ground floor to roof and with balconies for the shopper to reach them from. You've probably seen such pictures too, and dismissed them, as I had, as being interesting but a bit far-fetched.

But on this day I began to wonder whether they really were so fantastic as I had assumed. After all, certain departments in some big city stores had already been made to look like rooms in private homes, with modernistic furniture and decorations. Why shouldn't a grocery be made to look something like a living-room, too? What was that business the jobber's salesman had told old Will—about doing away with shelves and counters and using tables instead? Was that just a notion of his own, or was there something to it? I wondered if it might not be interesting to find out just how the store of the future might differ from that of the present. And also why.

We're all shoppers. We spend a large portion of our earnings in stores of one kind or another. If there are to be radical changes in store arrangement and store-keeping methods, what, if anything, will they mean to us in terms of better service and better values for our money?

Seeking answers to these questions, I have since talked with merchandizing experts and store engineers; with architects and merchants; with authorities on lighting, scientific research and automatic vending. I have studied statistics, retailing manuals, drawings, photographs and

blueprints. I have listened to stories of retail failures and successes. And I have learned enough to be able to describe briefly a few of the differences you'll find in to-morrow's store. Only a few, however, for retailing's a complicated proposition, with more facets and angles to it than a cut-glass chandelier in a movie palace.

One of the biggest differences, and the first to come, will be new arrangement. Hitherto most stores have been laid out to suit the ideas of their proprietors. In future they'll be arranged to fit the buying habits of their customers.

MERCHANDISING experts have discovered that it isn't what the storekeeper thinks about store layout that's important, either to him or to us, but the way you and I react to it. They have watched our behavior in stores of different kinds, traced our movements, analyzed our purchases, timed us with stopwatches. They've found out what kind of displays attract us into stores and how to make us buy once we're inside. They've studied us singly and in groups. And they've worked out new ideas in store design based on their discoveries about us. Let's see how they're beginning to use this knowledge of us in a grocery store, for instance.

You need flour, coffee, sugar and, say, a couple of bars of laundry soap—all staples, or what they call "demand goods." You don't plan to buy anything else. But instead of going to your usual store, where they sell you only what you ask for, you go to another. It's an old one that has just been remodelled. You always used to walk past it, but now the brightly painted front, the large plate-glass windows, the well-lighted interior, make you stop and look. On your right, just inside one window, is a tempting display of fresh fruits and vegetables set out in neat wire racks. Looking beyond that you realize there's something about this store that's different from any other you've seen. It

isn't only that it's clean and new-looking. There's a bigger difference. Reflecting that you can certainly buy what you need there as well as anywhere, you go in, partly out of curiosity and partly because that fruit display draws you in.

You enter and, on the spur of the moment, pick out a basket of crisp, juicy McIntosh apples. While the clerk is putting them in a bag, your gaze wanders around the store. Each side wall is lined with shelves, but—here is one of the big differences between this place and ordinary groceries—the highest shelves are barely a foot or two above your eye-level. Everything is not only clearly in sight, but within easy reach. Each variety of merchandise is plainly price-marked, to save you the trouble of asking questions and also the possible embarrassment of discovering, after ordering something, that it costs more than you want to pay. Every can, jar and package is bright and clean. There are no counters or other obstacles to prevent your going to the shelves, examining their contents closely, helping yourself. The only counter, a small one on which stand a scale and a cash register, is in the rear of the store. On the shelves adjacent to it you see the things you need, flour, coffee and so on. You start in that direction.

But a few steps bring you to a group of tables on each of which is an attractive assortment of goods. Some are imported delicacies, or new, unfamiliar domestic products; others are specials intended to sell on price appeal. The urge to pick up and examine some of these things can not be denied. And once you have them in your hands it is difficult to put them down. Purely on impulse you decide to take a jar of artichoke hearts, four cans of soup at the usual price of three, and a novel kind of two-minute dessert. Thus you have already bought several items that hadn't entered your mind when you set out from home. The experts call that "impulse buying." It's one result of scientific arrangement.



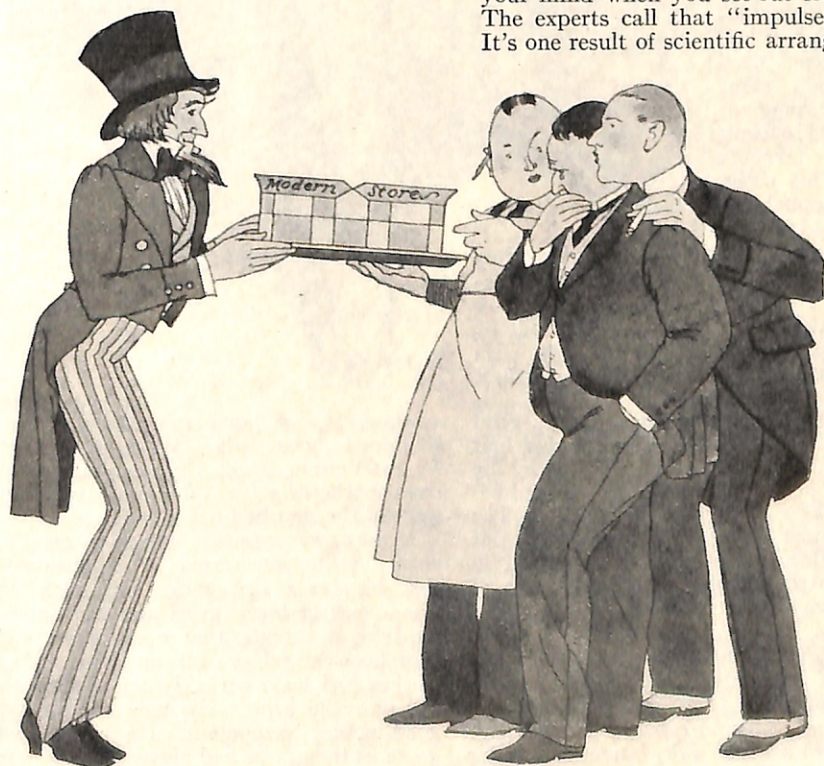
Now you go to the service counter, to get the articles you originally came in for. As they are all close at hand, the clerk has them assembled in a few seconds—a matter of great importance to his boss and also to you, as I'll explain later. In fact, he has them ready and wrapped while you are still looking at the array of meats in the sanitary display case, to the right of the service counter. You won't need meat for a day or two, but you decide that when you do you'll buy it here because it looks so inviting.

WITH your package under your arm, you head for the door. Without realizing why, you walk on the same side of the island display tables as you did before. But this trip, instead of looking at them, your eye roves along the wall shelving nearest you. At a section devoted to sauces and pickles you come to a stop. A jar of that spicy green tomato pickle would certainly pep up the cold meat you're having for dinner. So you buy one. Impulse again. And here's how another trick of scientific arrangement made you see that sauce. . . .

You walked along that side of the store because the island tables, which are on castors, instead of being placed in the center of the floor, are deliberately set just enough off-center to make a wide aisle and a narrow one. Instinctively, because it's human nature to do so, you chose the wider aisle, which led you past shelves of impulse merchandise, exposing you to their appeal. If the grocer had wanted to call your attention particularly to the goods on the other side of the store, he could have done it by shifting his tables so as to make the wider aisle on that side.

Let's investigate some of the other kinds of arrangement used here. Why, for example, are the fresh fruits and vegetables, most of which are really demand products, given such prominence right up front? Because they are perishable. Selling them on "sight appeal" makes them move fast. This means, for one thing, that the loss from spoilage will be cut down, while, for another, it means that you'll have fresher

(Continued on page 44)



By What Strange Road

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

IT WAS Sunday morning. Richard Morehouse walked beside the Sound, thinking of what he saw: the fresh, new grass, starred with dandelions, running down to a shingly beach; the seaweed, looking as soggly uninteresting as a kitchen mop when the waves went off and left it, and when they returned rising with them into miniature tropical forests, each detail distinct and perfect; the blue water dancing like a field of dwarf lupins with the wind on them; and, beyond everything, on the world's rim, a ship, hull-down, bound for other nations, where other elderly men, no doubt, walked beside the shore. Morehouse was fifty-two, but he thought of himself as elderly.

He had walked many times in a place like this with his wife; there had been things that he and his son—when Dick was a little boy—had said to each other in a field of lupins on a holiday in northern California; lovely, freshening places the three had gone to on boats like that one; but he turned his thoughts away from them. He dreaded self-pity as a foul disease, and kept himself clean of it.

On Sundays it was easier to do this in the country, or even in suburban imitations of it. In the city the cessation of the crushing rhythms he stepped to all week was hard to bear. He found that they held him up. He had lived in New York always, and for many years with everything he wanted. When it grew silent now, his old life rose about him, in spite of all he could do. When the streets were quiet and he walked in them, it seemed monstrous and incredible that he had learned at last to take naturally in his hurried week-day stride his present lot. His "home" was one shoe-box-shaped neat room in Mrs. Appleby's boarding house; his "business," editing for a pittance an obscure trade journal in a noisy, dingy down-town building that overhung the elevated railroad; and he was alone.

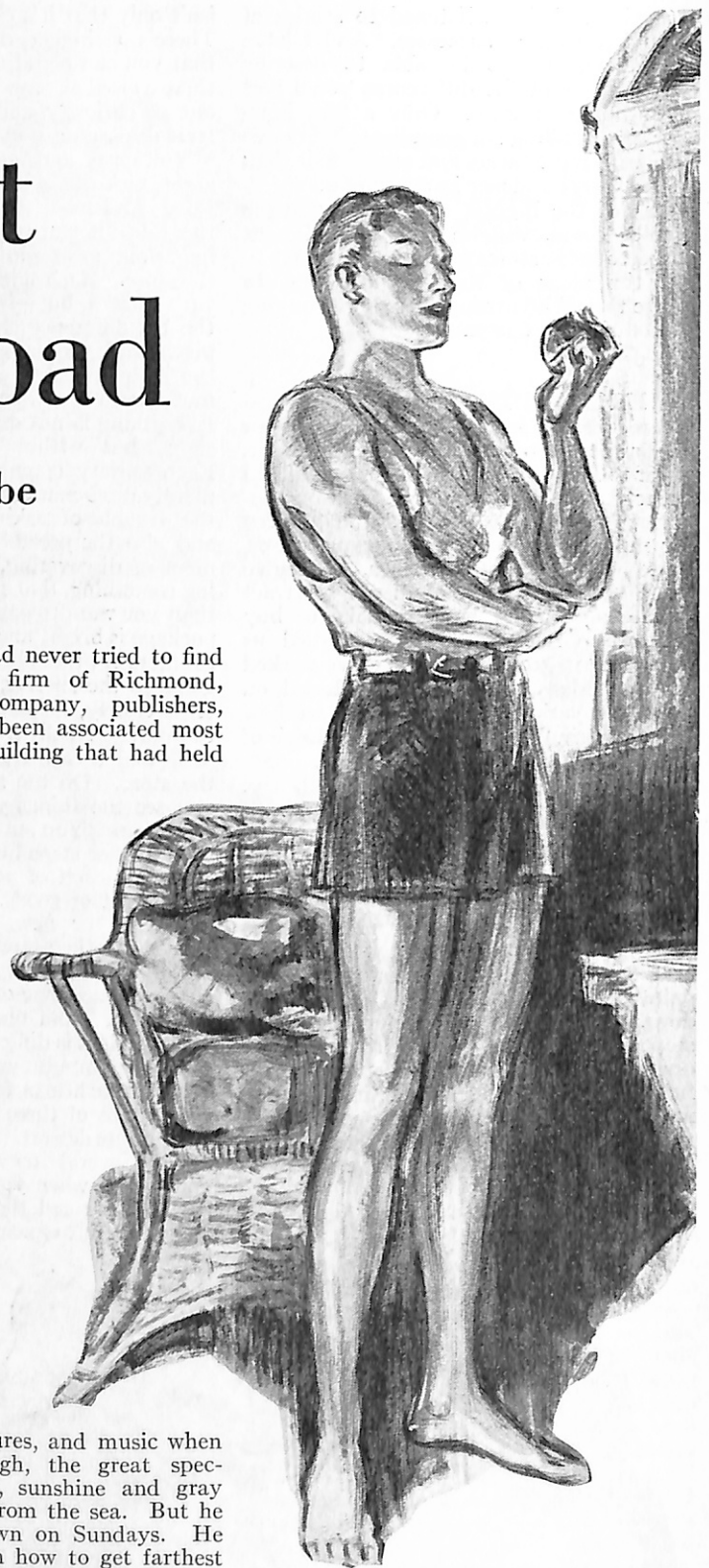
Once, during the time he had lived at Mrs. Appleby's, he had found himself, instead, in front of a little old-world brick house on West Tenth Street that had been home indeed, fumbling absently for his key, as if the place were still his and his wife and boy inside await-

ing him. But he had never tried to find the offices of the firm of Richmond, Whittingdon & Company, publishers, with which he had been associated most of his life. The building that had held them had been hauled away by a wrecking company, and in the old place towered a sky-climbing affair that flashed the chromium steel symbols of another day than his into new levels of air.

Having lost so much he had learned to value what was left. He had grown thankful for the little job—bringing to it the same painstaking creative intelligence that had made his name known throughout the publishing world—for the quiet of his room, for the staunchness of a few old friends, for books and pictures, and music when it was cheap enough, the great spectacle of New York, sunshine and gray mists that blew in from the sea. But he couldn't stay in town on Sundays. He was an authority on how to get farthest away for the least money.

A slight, light-footed man, with a good head and a face beneath his graying hair that had been carved and recarved by life to show fortitude, simplicity and intelligence. The knife had gone deep. The parcel under his arm was his lunch, put up by Mrs. Appleby. He Sundayed in the country sometimes for the price of two subway fares; but to-day he had gone farther.

The winding path he followed turned a clump of blossoming laurel bushes like a fallen cloud and then, under cover of an "Entering This Property Forbidden" sign, rambled off away from the water



across acres of lawn towards a white-columned house, like Washington's at Mount Vernon, backed by very tall locust trees feathered with soft new leaves. At sight of the sign he turned back.

A man was approaching him on the path. As he came closer, Morehouse saw that he was a rich man. His stick-pin was a perfect black pearl and his watch-fob bore an intaglio that would have paid Morehouse's salary for a year. His clothes had been perfectly tailored to his tall powerful form. His face was strong, good-looking, competent. He put his feet down as though he had always gone where



"I wonder how we'd have got along," he said in a tone that showed how little he was wondering just then about anything, "if I had got swapped."

he intended to. There was momentum in him, and vitality.

"Morning," he said, in the manner of one on a road in the deep country, and Morehouse liked him.

"Good-morning. That's a beautiful place back there, isn't it?"

The man stopped, pleased.

"I'm glad you like it. It's mine."

Morehouse said something about the excellence of his taste, and would have moved on, but,

"It wasn't my taste, but the architect's," the man said; and Morehouse was conscious of a swift, expert glance that took him in and ticketed him, approved. "I like it, all right; I'm very fond of it; but that would have been true of any other comfortable house. Maybe"—a

little wistfully—"even an ugly one. Did my sign stop you? Won't you go on with your walk?"

An intelligent man, with an instinct for people. His heart on his sleeve from choice, Morehouse thought, but only when it was safe to wear it there.

"Thank you." Morehouse turned and fell into step. "Where have we met before?"

"By Jove! That's just what I was thinking. My name is Porter Clark."

Morehouse shook his head.

"I don't think names came into it somehow. Mine's Richard Morehouse."

"Doesn't mean a thing," Clark agreed. And then suddenly: "Chloroform! I remember the smell of chloroform, and iodoform, and the halls of a hospital. What on earth—?"

saw the other man in his early thirties, awkward, red-faced, perspiring, a little overdressed, desperately determined, his felt hat crushed in his big hand, demanding his child from a white-clad, faintly superior nurse who explained with patient condescension and urged him not to excite himself. Demanding his child and getting it. Pushing his way somewhat heavily through masses of red tape; frightening—eventually—doctors and nurses alike and reducing that especial nurse to tears and contrition. Morehouse saw himself and his wife, shaken and appalled as the strange baby was taken away and her arms closed with fierce, terrified tenderness about their own. He remembered the great tidal wave of their gratitude to Clark; and then how they had felt a little sorry for him—sorry for his awkwardness and ineptitude.

HE looked at him now and thought that probably no one had felt sorry for him often since. From the looks of him, he must have caught his stride very soon afterwards. Morehouse fancied that he almost caught beneath his simplicity and kindness the hum of the dynamo of him,

and felt the oiled and accurate perfection of his life. He had come along. It made Morehouse conscious of the suggestion of a fringe on the right cuff of his own coat, the tiny hole that had come into his fedora hat at the end of the crease in front, of the tracery of well-polished cracks in his shoes.

"My wife is dead," Clark said.

"And mine," said Morehouse. And then, a little fearfully, "I hope your boy has turned out well."

Clark's large Roman face lit up.

"He's about as nice a kid—as decent and intelligent and strong and affectionate and just generally all around

all-right—as a father would want. You see,"—with a quick, slightly deprecating look—"I've got one talent: I can make money. I've had enough to give him everything he's ever wanted. And the nice part of it is, he's *known* what he wanted, and enjoyed it when he got it. I don't believe you'd know he was a rich man's son."

Morehouse nodded comprehendingly.

"What does he mean to go in for, now that he's nineteen, with the world to pick from?"

"Well, he's at Princeton now. (He runs up occasionally for week-ends.) He's got his eye on Oxford to finish off in. And then a year or two of traveling. Maybe I'll go along—he'd like having me. Luck there, too, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Morehouse.

"And then (I'm still surprised that it's true) he says he wants to help me run my cracker factory. Says he doesn't want to sit on the side-lines and look on, or be a

"Hum," said Morehouse, strangely moved as a memory like a faint ray of light pushed its way back through the clouds of the past. "It was babies. Sons. Yours and mine. They'd just been born, and you kept the nurse from getting them mixed—from giving my wife yours and your wife mine. Don't you remember?"

Clark stood still and stared, turning his large, well-modeled face towards the slighter, older looking man—though Morehouse realized even in that moment, with a start of surprise, that they must be about of an age.

"For Pete's sake! Of course!" And then slowly: "Nineteen years ago!"

And they shook hands soberly.

Suddenly for Morehouse the nineteen years were a mist that rolled away and he

dilettante or anything like that. We plan to spell each other—one of us work while the other plays. It ought to be pleasant for both of us. I go in for a good deal of golf and contract, and already he has several more intelligent hobbies. Are you interested in books?"

"Especially. I used to be a publisher."

"Well, books come first with him. And then music. And then pictures. Perhaps you too—?"

"Yes. The three, I think, have kept me going."

"A FELLOW either is or he isn't," Clark said, a little sadly. "To me they are simply things to help furnish a house with—there's no use making any bones out of it. I never had even a common school education, and he—my boy—well, educationally I guess he's going to be fit for almost anything. Not that he's not a pretty fine animal too—he is; but he's the mental type. And do you know"—his earnestness slowed his walk, a deep inner glow came into his face and he pointed a forefinger in a way he had (it was curious, Morehouse thought, how power seemed to come out of the finger)—"do you know, it hasn't made a damned bit of difference between us."

"I think you are right in regarding it as remarkable—especially nowadays. I'm peculiarly glad to hear about it. I've often wondered about you and him."

"Say," Clark said, "he's at home now. Why don't you come up and meet him? Have lunch with us? There'll be nobody there but the two of us."

"I couldn't stay for lunch, but I'd like to come up—if you are sure I shouldn't interfere with any of his plans."

"He hasn't any to-day. Often he hasn't on Sundays. Just swims, goes out in the boat, loaf around and plays—everything from tennis to the pipe organ. And he likes folks. Takes after his old man."

They exchanged smiles. They felt as if they had known each other for a long time.

"And now," Clark said, as they walked over that great acreage of new grass towards the stately house that seemed to exist in an atmosphere of its own facing the blue, dancing sea, "tell me about your boy. How has he turned out?"

Morehouse looked at him, so pleased with his son and the day, so hospitably minded and genial, and hesitated.

"He is dead," he said reluctantly. "He has been dead a year. He died in a private hospital for the crim-

inally insane, where I put him three years ago."

Clark was so startled that he could scarcely speak. His eyebrows drew together, and his good-looking face made a grimace of pain.

"When he was sixteen!"

"Yes. We were lucky that it wasn't a reformatory. They called his almost a border-line case—though it was very far from that. I went out to see him every Sunday until he died. It became increasingly hard to break through to the boy I used to know. Sometimes I could, but more often I could not. During his last six months there was no lucidity at all."

"Good God!" Clark said. Morehouse felt his sympathy filling the air between them. Felt him searching for words and rejecting them as inadequate. "Good God!" he repeated, and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.

After awhile, "Did you your—er—leaving the publishing business have anything to do with your—your boy's—?"

Morehouse nodded.

"Yes," he said.

But he didn't tell him everything. He didn't say that when his wife died he had got a leave of absence and taken his son abroad—tried his own hand at curing him. That the boy had got better. That he thought if they could have stayed together like that and away from old associations, a permanent recovery might have come. That he had been called back by the failure of his firm, which was in the process of taking the bankrupt act by the time he arrived. Nor that, suddenly deprived of the business shelter of a lifetime, he had found himself in the midst of the depres-

sion and lucky indeed to secure even his present insignificant job.

"He forged checks," he said. "Not mine, but other people's. And gave the money away, spent it or lost it. And so much of it that he—well, he cleaned me out. It was then I put him in the private asylum." He did not add that he was paying for that still. "Through his fourteenth year there was no touch of anything, and I have never known a sounder, happier, more lovable human being. It's not as though I hadn't had that."

A deep flush spread slowly over Clark's face.

"The two of them lying there together!" he said painfully. "The helpless, pink blobs! *There wasn't the faintest chance of my being wrong, you know.*"

Morehouse laid his hand on Clark's arms.

"There was insanity," he said, "in my wife's family. . . ."

But when he met Walter Clark, glimpsed once nineteen years ago in embryo, as it were, grown now into strong separate young-manhood, he knew he was looking at his son. His son, and in a strange breath-taking sort of way, his immortality. The boy wore a bathing-suit, which covered but little of his slim, powerful young body. He had just come up from the sea, a-glisten with its water. There was sand on his feet and sun in his eyes, and to Morehouse the splendid, resurgent going-on-ness of the race all over him.

"WALTER," Clark said as they stood there on the porch, "do you remember my telling you about your almost getting swapped for another baby, just after you were born? Well, Mr. Morehouse was the father of the other baby. His boy died a year ago. We ran into each other down there by accident."

In the strangest moment of his existence, Morehouse shook hands with his own son and looked into those familiar eyes he had never seen before. It was a crowded

moment, when his mind, enormously stimulated, was conscious of many things in one flash too brief for the definition of any of them: overwhelmingly of his joy that *this* was his son and not the other; of how this one could make it up to him still for all that had gone before; and then of the long time it was going to take to pull from his shoulders the burden that had bowed him low of responsibility for the son of Porter Clark, and of how he would have climbed up again and carried on if

he hadn't had it.

In a spasm of pity for Clark, he looked at him; and then dropped into a chair:

(Continued on page 52)



In his shoe-box-shaped room Morehouse stood before his table with three photographs spread out in a row

Cast and Broadcast

By
Philip Coles



King of Jazz

Paul Whiteman, coy coquette, of late has lost large amounts of pounds. Compare! Compare! He has discovered sensational talent . . . organized the Whiteman Sunday Rhythmic Concerts over WJZ (no mean feat) . . . has presented himself with a beautiful wife . . . acquired a new silhouette. To Paul the years have been kind



Moon Over a Mountain

To Kate Smith (seen singing in the moonlight) we bow, for as a "personality singer" she crams more concentrated essence of personality into fifteen minutes than a correspondence school does in its entire course



Element'ry, my dear Watson

Leigh Lovell, suave and polished, again breathes life into that immortal stooge, Dr. Watson. Bringing murder and manslaughter into a million homes, Conan Doyle's famous stories in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" will be broadcast early in October, dramatized well in every respect, each more blood-chilling than the last



Yachtsman

Bitterly disappointed are we to find that Cliquot Club Eskimo, Harry Reser, being nonchalant all over a conventional yacht. For publicity's sake, we think, the least he could do would be to paddle about in a "kayak," or whatever Eskimos call those little skin canoe effects one sees in the news-reels. But we leer at the thought of the temperature inside his fur benny



Benny-Shutta

Jack Benny (such a funny, funny man!) is deplorably addicted to puns. In the accompanying photograph, we are forced to suspect him of springing one on Ethel Shutta, George Olsen's warbling wife. A good trouper, Ethel laughs gaily, clasps hands gleefully, looks for a brick furtively. And it's all just gobs of fun



EDITORIAL

THE ANTLERS' COUNSELOR

■ Those who have been interested in the growth and development of the Antlers, under approval of the Grand Lodge, will be gratified by the action of that body at Birmingham, in providing for the appointment of a new official through whom the contacts may be more definitely established and supervision more wisely maintained.

The previous enactments relating to the Antlers have been merely permissive. The subordinate Lodges of the Order have been left free to undertake the formation of such organizations in their respective jurisdictions, under executive permits from the Grand Exalted Ruler; but there has been no requirement as to the extent and character of the control to be exercised by the local Lodges, nor any adequate provision for Grand Lodge supervision. It was felt that, under such conditions, the movement had not been afforded the best opportunity to prove its value or to develop its possibilities.

The newly created official, to be known as The Antlers' Counselor, will be charged with the duty, under the direction of the Grand Exalted Ruler, of supervising and controlling the several Lodges of Antlers and the activities of the members thereof and of advisory councils appointed in connection therewith. He may, with the consent of the Grand Exalted Ruler, prescribe and promulgate, amend and modify, by-laws, rules, and regulations, for the government of such Lodges of Antlers and their members and the advisory councils thereof.

Under this provision The Antlers' Counselor will have opportunity to foster and promote the movement in an effective way. The Grand Exalted Ruler has been most happy in his selection of Brother C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco Lodge, for this important service. His enthusiasm, experience and splendid ability, give assurance that the junior organization will have every reasonable encouragement and an opportunity to justify itself.

If the movement develops, as it is hoped it will, it is anticipated that further Grand Lodge action will follow looking to its more permanent establishment of the Antlers as an adjunct of the Order.

IT AIN'T MY BROTHER

■ There is a quaint old Negro song, current among that race in the South, that is full of a fine philosophy. The purport of the song is contained in its swinging chorus:

"It ain't my father, it ain't my mother,
It ain't my sister, it ain't my brother,
It's me, O Lord, standin' in de need of prayer."

The thought it embodies may be readily applied by all of us to our conduct in the performance of our fraternal obligations.

In our consideration of the conditions in our several Lodges, which should be corrected, we are too prone to lay the fault at the doors of others. The officers, we say, are lacking in aggressive leadership. Tom, Bill and Jim, as we too readily assume, have grown indifferent and are not giving their personal support to Lodge activities as they should. But if we would forget about the faults of others, and would recognize our own fraternal shortcomings, and start reformation in ourselves, there would soon be no cause for dissatisfaction with conditions.

There are few, if any, of us who, upon a frank analysis, would not be compelled to admit that we are doing less than we really ought to do in carrying forward the work which our Lodges are striving to perform and should undertake. We ought candidly to recognize this fact, and resolve to be better Elks; and to observe more fully the obligations which rest upon us as such. Let Tom and Bill and Jim determine for themselves what their course will be. Our example will bear the inevitable fruit of inspiration to all who see and note it.



Let's stop complaining of others when we contemplate conditions which need betterment. And when, as a first step toward improvement, we strive to locate just where the trouble may lie, let's sing the old Negro song: "It ain't my brother, it's me, O Lord."

SELLING ELKDOM TO ELKS

■ In his speech of acceptance at Birmingham, Grand Exalted Ruler Elect Thompson accentuated the importance of selling Elkdom to Elks. And he spoke frankly of the astonishing lack of information among the membership generally as to the patriotic and benevolent achievements of the Order.

It is perhaps true that a very large number of our members have little accurate knowledge of the history of the Order and of its major accomplishments. They content themselves, for the most part, with keeping in touch with the activities of their respective Lodges; and fail to visualize our great fraternity as a whole.

This is not entirely their fault. The information is contained in documents and publications which are available; but it has not been brought specifically to their attention. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, ever since its establishment, has placed before its readers full accounts of the Order's current activities. But these soon become history. And there is a need for some effective method of instructing the membership, particularly the newer members, as to the Order's history

and its fine record of humanitarian and patriotic achievements.

The Grand Exalted Ruler suggests that at every Lodge session some officer or member should address the brothers on some assigned subject of Elk accomplishment or current activity. Perhaps it would be impracticable to do this at every meeting. But certainly it could be frequently done; and could be made a most interesting and effective part of the Lodge meeting program.

Of course it will be recognized that the one assigned to the service should properly prepare himself. It would defeat the very purpose in view if the speaker should fail in this. The most interesting subject may be made dull and unentertaining by an inadequately prepared speaker who stumbles through a disconnected and halting discourse.

But a well-prepared, intelligently presented talk on any one of a hundred subjects relating to the Order's early days, its present-day activities, or the high-lights of its service to humanity and to our Country, cannot fail to arouse interest and inspire enthusiasm, as well as to impart information which every Elk should possess.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's suggestion is earnestly commended to the consideration of those in charge of Lodge programs. Its adoption will add a valuable and entertaining feature thereto. It is a most effective way to sell Elksdom to Elks.

GROUP MEETINGS WITH THE G. E. R.

■ Within the next few weeks the Grand Exalted Ruler plans to hold group meetings in all sections of the country, to which the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges of the respective adjacent territories will be invited; and the District Deputies for the several surrounding jurisdictions will be called into conference at the same time. In this manner he seeks for personal acquaintance with the largest possible number of Lodge officers and convenient opportunities to confer with



them about fraternal affairs.

It is hoped that every Lodge which can do so will be represented at the meeting to which its officers are to be invited. Apart from the information which the Grand Exalted Ruler can thus most effectively convey to those in attendance, the inspirational effect will be tremendous.

In some jurisdictions it has been the custom for such meetings of Lodge officers to be periodically held. They have always resulted in a stimulated interest which has reflected itself in more intensive Lodge activities. With the Grand Exalted Ruler personally presiding and the District Deputies in attendance, such meetings will be all the more productive of revived interest and renewed activity.

The personal discussion of general fraternal policies, the explanation of Grand Lodge programs, the consideration of local Lodge problems, can be much more satisfactorily dealt with in this manner than by official circulars. But the desired results can be secured only to the extent that the Lodges shall respond.

The Grand Exalted Ruler will extend an invitation; it will not, of course, be an executive order. But the obvious advantages to be derived would seem a sufficient incentive to insure a full attendance at each group meeting to be held.

A CHALLENGE

■ Nearly thirty-five thousand people were killed by automobiles in the United States during 1931. Nearly half of these were pedestrians, killed in accidents in which the automobile drivers suffered no injuries. Add to these the countless thousands who were maimed and disfigured in such accidents, and the record becomes an appalling one. It is really a disgraceful one. And it presents a challenge to every automobile driver in the country.

It would be too sweeping a charge to state that every car-driver is a reckless one. But it is true that the great majority of us on many occasions exercise less care for the safety of others than we should. It is bad enough when, by driving at excessive speed or otherwise disregarding reasonable precautions, we endanger our own lives and the lives of those who have willingly committed themselves to our care. But our thoughtless negligence becomes all the more reprehensible when it imperils the safety of others who are free from fault.

If we are honest with ourselves most of us must admit that we are not always considerate of the common safety. And even though we may not have caused injury or death to another we have needlessly added to the perils of life in our community. Our examples may have led to similar carelessness in others, with more unfortunate results.

Newspapers and periodicals generally are filled with editorials pleading with autoists to exercise greater care, so that the tremendous annual casualty list may be avoided. It is true that all automobile accidents are not rightly to be ascribed to negligent driving. But too many of them are. And it is deemed appropriate to add this renewed editorial plea for greater care on the part of Elk drivers. It is really a plea for consideration of the rights of others. As such it should meet with a general response.

In the very title of the Order of Elks is the word "protective." It is more than merely an adjective, it is an expression of a spirit which truly and widely pervades the Order. Let its members, therefore, make one manifestation of that spirit and effort to protect both pedestrian and passenger upon the motor highways.

If every Elk would resolve to observe proper care in this matter, it would be a material contribution toward meeting the challenge presented by the record of casualties from automobile accidents. Such a resolve is a social and humanitarian duty as well as a legal obligation.





Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, at a conference called by Mr. Thompson on Labor Day. With the single exception of William H. Atwell, who is abroad, this picture shows in a single group the present and every living former head of the Order. They are, seen in the picture, from left to right: front row, John R. Coen, Walter P. Andrews, William W. Mountain, Joseph T. Fanning, Mr. Thompson, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, and Fred Harper; second row, J. Edgar Masters, James G. McFarland, James R. Nicholson, William M. Abbott, Frank L. Rain, Raymond Benjamin, Bruce A. Campbell, Murray Hulbert, Edward Rightor, and Lawrence H. Rupp; third row, John P. Sullivan, Rush L. Holland and John K. Tener

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Pennsylvania Northwest District Association Meets at Greenville

FIFTY delegates and other members of the Pennsylvania Northwest District Association were the guests a short time ago of Greenville Lodge, No. 145, at a regular meeting of the Association. Prominent among those present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. G. Bohlender and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph Riesenman, Jr. Included in the subjects discussed at the meeting were plans of the Association for representation at the then coming convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and arrangements for an automobile pilgrimage of the Northwest District Elks to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Of particular interest among the reports was that of the Student Aid Fund, Inc. This disclosed that three of the four students assisted toward graduation last year, had completed their college courses successfully; and that the fourth was about to enter upon his final year. A buffet supper followed the adjournment of the business meeting. Lodges represented at the assembly were those of New Castle, Sharon, Franklin, Butler, Warren, Titusville, Oil City, Beaver Falls, Woodlawn, Ellwood City and Grove City, in addition to the host Lodge, No. 145.

District Deputies of 1931-1932 Form Permanent Association

At an informal meeting in Birmingham, Ala., during the Grand Lodge Convention there, the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers appointed to serve during 1931-32 by the then Grand Exalted Ruler, John R. Coen, decided, in the interest of sociability and of the Order, to form a permanent association. In the resolution in which they set forth their purposes they pledged their active support to Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson; extended their thanks and appreciation to Mr. Coen; agreed to foregather at future sessions of the Grand Lodge, and named their associa-

tion the "John R. Coen District Deputies." Past District Deputy W. B. Greenwald, of Hutchinson, Kan., Lodge, No. 453, was appointed first chairman of the group.

Trenton, N. J., Lodge Entertains at Outing to 700 Crippled Children

Three thousand bottles of soda-pop were among the refreshments consumed recently by the crippled children who were the guests of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, at its annual outing for disabled boys and girls. In addition to this, 1,400 sandwiches, 400 quarts of milk and 350 dozen cakes disappeared before the onslaught of the happy youngsters. The affair took place at Woodlawn Park where, besides the food and drinks, the children had opportunity to enjoy a number of amusement devices. Seven hundred in all were on hand, some of them arriving at the scene of festivities as early as eight o'clock in the morning. During the afternoon a number of contests were arranged. These included an egg-hunt, a watermelon-eating contest and a cracker-eating

contest. Nurses from the schools, the city and the Orthopedic Hospital were in attendance. The Elks Band provided music. Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements was Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association. During a brief period of speaking, John Gill, Dean of Rider College; Joseph Huff, Mayor of Princeton; and Charles Reichert, Chairman of the Speakers' Committee, were among those to deliver short talks.

Elks of Northern Idaho Hold First Annual Round-up

Four hundred persons, comprising Elks and members of their families, took part recently in the first annual North Idaho Elks Round-up, an affair which included official ceremonies of the Order, sports, exhibitions and a series of entertainments. Principal among the incidents of the two-day gathering at Bozanta Tavern was the group initiation of a class of eight candidates for several Lodges. The exercises were in the charge of officers from Sand-

To All Members

CONGRESS has just enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address filed with the Post Office.

This law will place an annual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member will immediately notify THE ELKS MAGAZINE or his Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary in this regard, and notify him at once of your new address.

point Lodge, No. 1376, Moscow Lodge, No. 249, Wallace Lodge, No. 331, Cœur d'Alene Lodge, No. 1254, and St. Maries Lodge, No. 1418. A golf tournament, in which sixty players competed; concerts by the bands of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, and Cœur d'Alene Lodge; a demonstration by the Drum and Bugle Corps of Wallace Lodge; and a banquet at the Tavern were other features of the round-up.

Petersburg, Va., Lodge Has Gained 80 New Members Since April

Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Louis Levitt, Petersburg, Va., Lodge, No. 237, has, since April first of this year, increased its membership by more than 50 per cent. With 156 names on its roster at the beginning of April, the Lodge since has initiated eighty members. They were inducted in two groups, one of forty-five in July and another of thirty-five in August. In addition to these new members, there are at present ten more applicants awaiting initiation into No. 237.

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge's Nineteenth Clinic Sets New Record

All previous records of attendance were surpassed recently when the nineteenth clinic for crippled children was held under the auspices of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914. Twenty-nine cases in all, of which twelve were new, were examined by the medical authorities. The clinic took place at St. Clara's Hospital, with Dr. Sydney H. Easton, orthopaedic specialist, in charge.

Bridgeport, Conn., Elks Are Hosts to 1,500 Orphans and Crippled Children

For a period of eight hours, from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, was host a short time ago to fifteen hundred orphaned and crippled children. Events of the day were many and diverse. After a motion picture show in the forenoon, the boys and girls were assembled to march to the railroad station; and from there they traveled to an amusement park, where all the facilities for fun were given over to them free of charge. In addition to this, an extensive sports program was arranged for them by F. S. Corbally, of the Bridgeport Board of Education. Wives and other women members of Elks' families cooperated with the Lodge in caring for the children during the day. In assuring their safety, the Police and Fire Departments of the city lent generous aid; and merchants contributed large supplies of foodstuffs and other merchandise for the occasion. At the park, both luncheon and dinner were served to the little guests.

Petaluma, Calif., Lodge Sets Fine Record in Holding Membership

Petaluma, Calif., Lodge, No. 901, according to a report received from Exalted Ruler A. R. Elder and Leland J. Guglielmetti, Chairman of its Lapsation Committee, has set an outstanding record in these difficult times in having the dues of its entire membership of more than 500 fully paid up. During the past Lodge year only six members were dropped, a fact which speaks volumes for the energy and devotion of the Lapsation Committee, as well as the splendid spirit of the membership as a whole.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Elks Share Outing's Fun with Children

So successful was the recent outing for crippled children given by New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, that it was a question, when the affair was over, whether the young guests or the members of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, in charge of arrangements, had had the more

(Continued on page 30)



Election Night Parties Being Planned By Subordinate Lodges

SUBORDINATE LODGES in every part of the country are planning to have big get-together parties on Election night, November 8th.

Exalted Rulers are taking advantage of the event to bring together active members, lapsed members and prospective members, all at the same time, into the Lodge Home to hear the election returns.

In many cases, committees are at work arranging special features of entertainment: lively musical programs, vaudeville performances, and novel diversions.

They are sparing no effort to make Election Night as memorable to the Lodge as it will be to the nation.

FURTHER to insure success, the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge is cooperating with them heartily.

To every Lodge it is sending, *without charge*, striking posters for use in effectively advertising the party.

It is also sending them, *without charge*, an electrical-transcription phonograph record of a speech, delivered expressly for the occasion, by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson.

This record has been prepared through the courtesy and facilities of the Columbia Phonograph Company. The company's dealer in any community will, if requested, lend the Lodge a phonograph for reproduction of the record and a radio receiving set.

A spirit of sporting rivalry has spread among the Lodges to outdo one another in entertaining their guests and themselves.

WITH the universal interest in the results of the election itself, with the enthusiasm of Lodge officers and committees and members for the project, with the direct and whole-hearted assistance of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and with the zeal of every Lodge for supremacy in accomplishment, Election Night should prove in every Home an occasion of tremendous moment.

It will be not only an occasion to hear returns but one that will bring returns.

Do your share to make it bring them.



It is the Duty of Every American Citizen to Vote.

enjoyable day. With an escort of police to speed them, the boys and girls were driven in automobiles, lent by the Elks, to an amusement park. There, in the intervals between rides on ponies and in boats, they were served both luncheon and dinner. So much pleasure did the youngsters appear to derive from the outing that the New Rochelle Elks who supervised it regretted the affair would not be repeated until next year.

West Haven, Conn., Lodge Inducts Thirty on Fifth Anniversary

In the presence of a number of men of prominence in the Order and the community, West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, recently initiated thirty candidates, as a part of the celebration of the fifth anniversary of its institution. Incidents of the event, besides the initiation, included a program of open-air boxing and wrestling bouts, held upon the spacious grounds surrounding the handsome Lodge Home; an excellent dinner; and a series of addresses by distinguished guests. Between five and six hundred Elks were present. Speakers were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, President Roy R. Powers, of the Connecticut State Elks Association; State Senator John F. Lynch, Mayor Francis T. Maloney, of Meriden; and First Selectman John W. Curren.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Holds Reception for Elks from Near-by

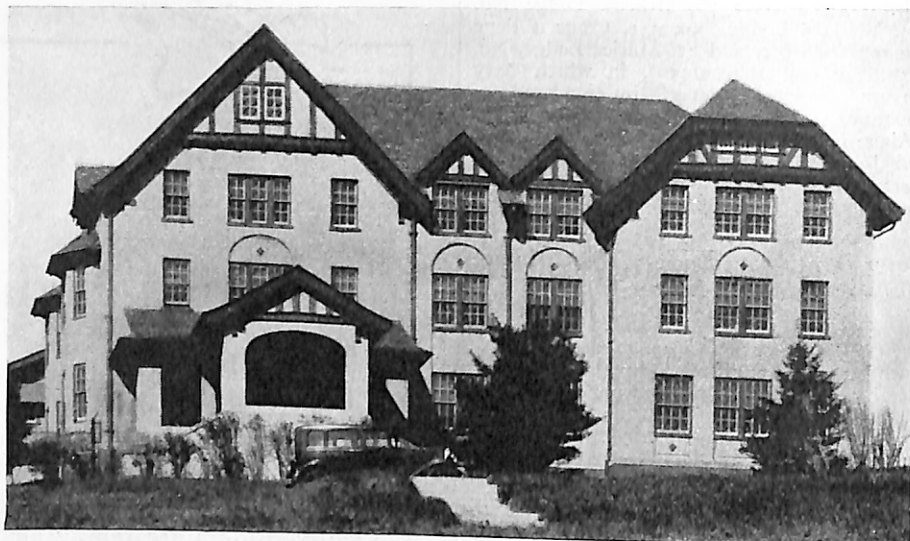
At the Home of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, in the presence of officers and other members of that Lodge and of Brawley, Calexico and Oceanside Lodges, the officers of El Centro Lodge, No. 1325, recently initiated a class of candidates into their own and San Diego Lodges. The ritualistic exemplification was pronounced by all who witnessed it to be virtually perfect. After the conclusion of the exercises, San Diego Lodge tendered a reception to its visitors in the newly arranged German Garden of the Home. Refreshments, a program of singing by the Chanters of San Diego Lodge, and a short humorous talk by Capt. Art Hill, of the San Diego Police Department, were incidents of note of the occasion.

Kittenball Team of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge is League Champion

Members of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, are elated at the record recently made by their Kittenball Team. This organization not only has won the championship for Class B teams in its league but has, besides, defeated a number of Class A groups.

Port Chester, N. Y., Elks Provide Outing for Crippled Children

Unusual success attended the efforts of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, in organizing recently an outing for the crippled children of its community. Assembling early



The imposing Home of West Haven, Conn., Lodge where, a short time ago, the members celebrated the Lodge's fifth anniversary by initiating thirty candidates

in the morning, the youngsters were driven in cars lent by members of the Lodge to Mamaroneck. There they were given a chicken dinner at a restaurant and thereafter transported to an amusement park for the afternoon. Toward evening tables were set for further refreshments, and at the end of the day the boys and girls were returned to their homes, each of them bearing gifts of fruit and candy.

Outing for Crippled Children Is Given by Plainfield, N. J., Elks

Motor-bus trips, boat rides upon Lake Hopatcong, bathing, refreshments and, as a climax, a splendid dinner in the dining pavilion at Bertrand Island were features of the recent tenth annual outing for crippled children given by Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885. The day was one of unceasing and unmitigated pleasure for the seventy-five young guests of the Lodge; and the occasion was counted by those in attendance as one of the most successful in the history of such affairs.

Asheville, N. C., Lodge Host to 300 Children from Homes

Three hundred children, from the Buncombe County Children's Home, the Mountain Orphanage, the Eliada Orphanage and the Hendersonville Catholic Home for Children, were the guests a short time ago of Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, at an outing at the Asheville Recreation Park. From early in the morning, when automobiles and motor-buses called for them, until the same conveyances returned them to their places of residence late in the afternoon, the boys and girls had a memorably enjoyable time. Games, contests, the freedom of all the amusement devices of the park and an ample picnic lunch were features of the young guests' entertainment.

Boone, Ia., Elks' Float Awarded Prize in City's Parade

The float entered by Boone, Ia., Lodge, No. 563, in its city's Achievement Day parade recently won second prize for exhibitions of its class. In keeping with the theme of the pageant, one commemorating the life of Washington, the float of No. 563 represented a Colonial coach, with an elk mounted on the hood and with George and Martha Washington riding in state in the rear.

1,000 Elks Gather at Pennsylvania North Central District Picnic

At the Country Club of Renovo, Pa., Lodge, No. 334, nearly one thousand Elks gathered recently at the second annual district picnic and outing of the Pennsylvania North Central District Elks Association. From the standpoint of both attendance and entertainment this affair proved to be even more notable than the one a year ago. Features of the enjoyable program included an ox roast, a trapshoot, a tug of war and other sports. The Country Club of No. 334 is situated a few miles from North Bend, on the Bucktail Trail, where the scenery is regarded as being as beautiful as anywhere in the State.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Mourns Loss of Past Exalted Ruler Bryan

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, is mourning the loss of one of its most able and respected members, Past Exalted Ruler James S. Bryan, who died a short time ago of a stroke of apoplexy. Fifty-four years old, Mr. Bryan was at the time of his death one of the most prominent attorneys of his city. His initiation into Rochester Lodge took place January 15, 1913, and he served as its chief officer during the period of 1931-1932.

Long Beach, Calif., Elks Entertain 4,000 Needy Children at Picnic

Four thousand boys and girls were the guests recently of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, at its first Needy Children's Picnic. Apple refreshments, a program of games and special entertainment were features of the highly successful affair.

D. E. Miner, DeLand, Fla., Elk And Famous Golfer, Is Dead

D. E. Miner, a member of DeLand, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, and known as "the dean of American golf," died a short time ago at Bethlehem, N. H. Said to be America's first native-born golf professional, Mr. Miner was



KENNETH M. WRIGHT

The Kittenball Team of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, victor in the Class B league in its city and winner besides over a number of Class A teams



Some of the 2,000 underprivileged children at the Home of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, before leaving for the picnic given them recently by the Lodge

the tutor of a number of champions of the game. At his funeral, the officers of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, No. 1343, the nearest to the town of Bethlehem, conducted services according to the ritual of the Order.

Lynchburg, Va., Elks Are Hosts to 2,000 Underprivileged Children

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, set a new mark recently for charitable events in its community when it entertained two thousand underprivileged children from within its jurisdiction at an all-day picnic in the City Park. Hundreds of the little guests came to the Home early in the day and were transported to the park in special cars, while others were brought directly from their residences to the picnic grounds. Hundreds more came in from the country districts for their first visit to the city. A substantial lunch box, fruit, ice-cream and cake, and soft drinks were furnished to every guest; and a swim in the municipal pool was provided for each child who desired it. Baseball games, diving exhibitions, races, and athletic contests kept the youngsters entertained; and a professional clown was engaged for their amusement. Music throughout the day added to the festal air of the occasion. So successful was the event that the Lynchburg Elks decided it should hereafter become an annual one on the Lodge calendar. Past Exalted Rulers W. P. Shaner, U. L. Fazzi, J. H. Coleman, C. Harold Owen and R. Chess McGehee were the Committee in charge.

Los Angeles, Calif., Elks Welcome Athletes of All Nations

In addition to serving, throughout the period of the recent Olympic Games, as a headquarters for athletes of all nations, the Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, was the scene of a number of other occasions associated with

the international competition. At meetings of the Lodge, representatives of the teams of Italy, Germany and Sweden were introduced to the membership; and later, at the conclusion of the Games, two special events were arranged: one a Grand Olympic Ball for all contestants; and the other an Italian Olympic Ball, an event sponsored by the Italian Olympic Committee.

Clearwater, Fla., Elks Hold Street Carnival to Finance Picnic

After holding a street carnival to assist them in gathering funds for the affair, members of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, gave an outing recently to fifteen hundred children of their community. The carnival, while amateur, had all the appearance of the professional show, with gaily decorated booths and barkers effectively vociferous. At a cent a ticket for the attractions, a considerable sum of money was earned. This, together with the contribution of the Lodge, went to defray the expenses of the children's outing at the beach a few days later. An unusually excellent lunch, supplemented by refreshments all through the afternoon, the privileges of all the amusements of the beach park, swimming, and a program of athletic contests made up the program of entertainment.

Laconia, N. H., Lodge Entertain 400 Children at Carnival

Four hundred residents of the State School for Feeble-Minded Children and the Orphan Home at Franklin, were the guests of Laconia, N. H., Lodge, No. 876, a short time ago, upon a special day during the period of the Lodge's annual summer carnival. This yearly event took place upon four successive days. It afforded sixteen booths, all erected and decorated by members of the Lodge; and a number

of circus and vaudeville acts. Upon the opening night an address of welcome to the Elks was delivered by Mayor Charles E. Carroll. Upon the special children's day, all the little guests were provided with soda pop, ice cream and popcorn; and for their benefit the professional acrobats and other performers presented a program of entertainment expressly contrived for their pleasure.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge Mourns Loss of Past Exalted Ruler Marder

Walter S. Marder, Past Exalted Ruler and Trustee of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, died recently after a few weeks' illness at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Marder was one of the most prominent industrialists of his community. At the time of his death he held the offices of Vice-President, Secretary and Director of the American Type Founders Company at Jersey City. For thirty-five years he had been a member of the Order, his initiation taking place in 1897 into St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9. Thereafter, in 1903, he was transferred by limit to Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, and in 1910 became a member of Plainfield Lodge. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1916 and 1917. To his efforts while a Trustee of the Lodge, it owed much of its success in erecting its new Home. A second contribution to the Order was Mr. Marder's creation of a method of scoring for ritualistic contests. In other fraternal organizations, as well as the Elks, Mr. Marder was prominent. He was a 32nd Degree Mason. Upon the evening before his funeral, Plainfield Lodge held services according to the ritual of the Order; and after the ecclesiastical ceremonies, the Masonic Lodge performed its own. In token of its grief at Mr. Marder's passing, Plainfield Lodge flew the flag on its Home at half-mast from the time of his death until the time of his burial.

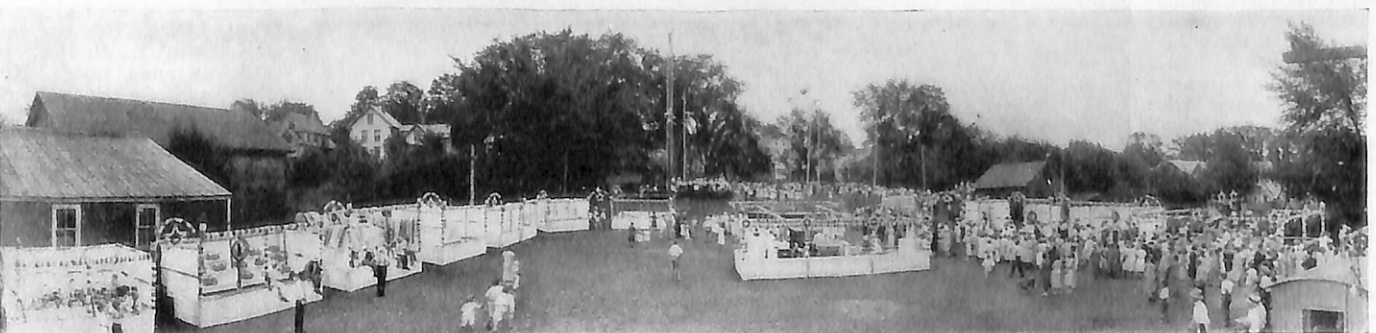
Grand Lodge Convention Badges Are Still Available to Elks

Elks who would like to have badges of the Grand Lodge Convention may obtain them by writing to Past Exalted Ruler Harry W. English, of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79. Mr. English reports that a number of the badges were on hand at the conclusion of the gathering; and that it has occurred to him as better to offer them to members of the Order than to destroy them forthwith. There is no charge for the badges, but Elks who wish them should send ten cents in stamps to Mr. English to defray the expense of packing and mailing. He may be addressed at the Lodge Home, 1830 Eighth Avenue North, Birmingham.

Crippled Children Are Guests at Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge's Outing

Fifty youngsters were the guests a short time ago of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, upon the occasion of its Crippled Children's Day. In the course of the festivities, they dined twice; first at Woodcliff Park, near Poughkeepsie, when they arrived there at noon; and later at the Home of No. 744, after

(Continued on page 55)



The annual summer carnival arranged by Laconia, N. H., Lodge, on the day devoted specially to children



Elks and their guests who gathered a short time ago at the annual convention of the Maine State Elks Association at Rockland

News of the State Associations

Montana

WITH Lewistown Lodge, No. 456 acting as host, the members of the Montana State Elks Association recently gathered at their thirtieth annual convention, an event which proved to be one of the most successful in the history of the organization. The first delegation, that of Missoula Lodge, No. 383, headed by President George L. Steinbrenner and accompanied by its Lodge band, arrived upon the day before the official opening of the assembly. Incidents of the initial day were entirely social, comprising a concert by the bands of Missoula Lodge and of Lewistown Lodge at the City Park early in the evening; and a dance thereafter at the Lodge Home. Business sessions began the following day, the delegates meeting both in the morning and the afternoon. At the first of these gatherings, welcome to the visitors was extended by Mayor Stewart McConochie. President Steinbrenner responded in behalf of the Association. In the afternoon, committee reports were submitted. Of especial interest among them was the one relating to the Association's camp at Flathead Lake, a resort which yearly is gaining in popularity among the Elks of Montana. At this session, a number of prominent guests were introduced, among whom was Past President J. W. Walker, of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725. The rest of the day was devoted entirely to diversion. Early in the evening two blocks of one of the principal streets of the city were roped off and there the Elks held a street carnival. Of invaluable assistance in the success of this were the playing of the Lewistown and Missoula Lodge Bands, and the exhibition by the Drum and Bugle Corps of Billings Lodge, No. 394. A dance for members of the Order took place later at the Home. Two of the musical organizations which participated in the carnival won prizes the following day, when the Missoula Lodge representatives were victorious in the contest for bands and those of Billings Lodge in that for drum and bugle corps. For the ladies who attended the convention a number of affairs were arranged. Chief among these were an open air luncheon at a ranch on Rock Creek, followed by a card party and sight-seeing tours; and a bridge luncheon upon the next day at the Fergus Hotel. For all

THE Arizona State Elks Association Hospital for Tuberculosis, near Tucson, has announced that it has at present accommodations for a few more patients. Any Elk, no matter where he lives, is eligible for admission. The maximum cost of care, which includes medical attention, nursing, board and lodging, is from \$80 to \$90 a month. Anyone interested in the treatment the hospital affords is urged to communicate with the chairman of the Executive Committee of the institution, Jacob Gunst, Post Office Box 1390, Tucson, Arizona.

visitors to the convention opportunities were provided for swimming, fishing and golf; and for those who preferred to witness sport rather than practise it, baseball games were scheduled. The election of officers of the Association for the coming year resulted in the choice of Art J. Baker, of Lewistown Lodge, as President; John F. Abel, of Lewistown Lodge, as First Vice-President; E. E. Wigal, of Mis-

soula Lodge, as Second Vice-President; Charles J. Carroll, of Billings Lodge, as Third Vice-President; Owen H. Perry, of Helena Lodge, No. 193, as Fourth Vice-President; Arthur Trennery, of Billings Lodge, as Secretary; and S. Arthur Parry, of Anaconda Lodge, No. 239, as Treasurer. Trustees elected were J. W. Walker, of Kalispell Lodge, for a term of five years; D. C. Warren, of Glendive Lodge, No. 1324, for three years; and Arthur J. Long, of Lewistown Lodge, for one year. It was decided to hold the 1933 convention at Dillon.

Colorado

PROJECTS of unusual interest to members of the Order in the State were discussed recently at the convention of the Colorado State Elks Association at the Home of Aspen Lodge, No. 224. One was to organize a caravan to visit Lodges in the interest of stimulating membership. Prominent among the convention's guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and United States Representative Edward T. Taylor, both of whom addressed the delegates. Officers elected by the Association for the year to come were Thomas J. Morrissey, of Denver Lodge, No. 17, President; Robert O. Haywood, of Cripple Creek Lodge, No. 316, Vice-President for the Central District; James Quinn, of Ouray Lodge, No. 492, Vice-President for the Western District; Charles F. Johnson, of Brighton Lodge, No. 1586, Vice-President for the Northern District; A. D. Zook, of Pueblo Lodge, No. 90, Vice-President for the Southern District; Pat Hurley, of Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804, Secretary; W. R. Patterson, of Greeley Lodge, No. 809, Treasurer; and the Reverend Val Higgins, of Denver Lodge, Chaplain. As trustees, the delegates chose Joseph P. O'Connell, of Denver Lodge, and George L. Hamlik, of Central City Lodge, No. 557, for the Central District; L. P. Strain, of La Junta Lodge, No. 701, and Milt K. Herrick, of Alamosa Lodge, No. 1297, for the Southern District; Henry B. Zarella, of Ouray Lodge, and Charles Dailey, Sr., of Aspen Lodge, for the Western District; and R. L. Sauter, of Sterling Lodge, No. 1336, and R. E. Burgener, of Boulder Lodge, No. 566, for the Northern District. It was decided to hold next year's convention in Boulder.



The parade of members of the Order through the streets of Aspen during the recent annual convention of the Colorado State Elks Association



With the Maine Elks, in the middle row, seated, fourth from the left, is Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson

Virginia

FORMER Mayor Thomas L. Slater, of Hampton Lodge, No. 366, was elected President of the Virginia State Elks Association, at its recent twenty-third annual convention at Alexandria. Others chosen to administer the affairs of the organization for the coming year were J. G. Mayo, of Portsmouth Lodge, No. 82, First Vice-President; W. N. Perkinson, of Danville Lodge, No. 227, Second Vice-President; Morris L. Masinter, of Roanoke Lodge, No. 197, Third Vice-President; H. E. Dyer, of Roanoke Lodge, Secretary; R. P. Peeples, of Manchester Lodge, No. 843, Treasurer, and H. M. Dilg, of Hampton Lodge, Trustee for five years. Immediately after their election, which took place upon the second day of the gathering, Past President Randolph H. Perry, of Charlottesville Lodge, No. 389, installed the officers. Outstanding among the incidents of the business sessions of the convention were the reports and the discussion upon the welfare activities of the Association. It was revealed that the Lodges of Virginia had, during the year past, expended several thousand dollars to relieve distress in their State. Plans for the new year centered particularly about assistance to victims of tuberculosis. It is the hope of the Association that it may be able to provide transportation for many sufferers from the disease to points where they may regain their health. Prominent members of the Order who attended the Virginia convention included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland and David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. Both were especially interested in the contest for the ritualistic championship of the State, an event which was held upon the evening, preceding the election of officers and which was won by the representatives of Roanoke Lodge. Besides the official incidents of the final day of the convention, social activities claimed much of the attention of the delegates. The festivities included a luncheon at the Home of Alexandria Lodge, No. 758 at noon and, in the evening, a reception and dance for the visiting members of the Order and their families at the Belle Haven Golf and Country Club.

Wisconsin

THREE Grand Lodge officers of high rank were the guests of the Wisconsin State Elks Association at its thirtieth annual convention, held recently at the Home of Appleton Lodge, No. 337. They were Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E.

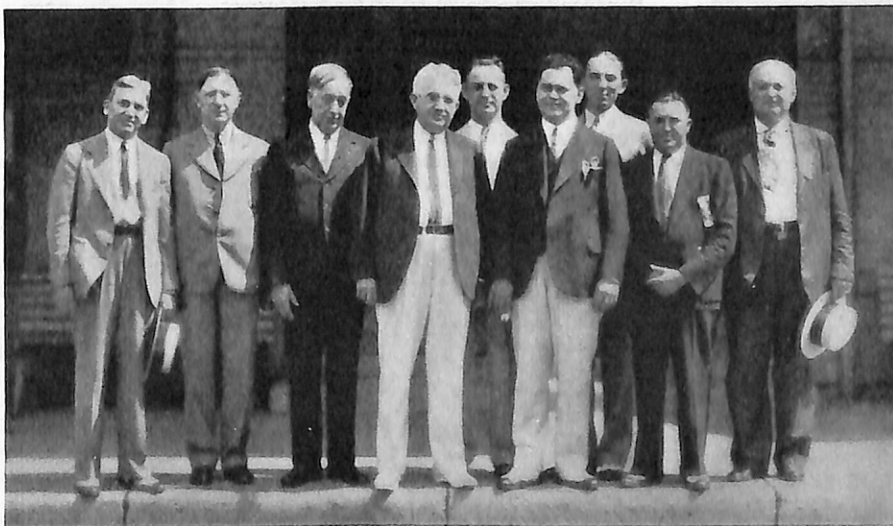
Thompson, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Their presence lent an especial distinction to a gathering memorable for its enthusiasm. At the initial ceremony of the convention, the planting of a tree before the Lodge Home to commemorate the hospitality of the Lodge and the city to the Association, Mr. Broughton delivered an impressive address. This event took place late in the afternoon, preceding a concert in the early

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits.

DURING August there were many conventions of State Elks Associations. Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, whose desire it is to meet as many members of the Order as possible, therefore made a point of attending as many of the meetings as he could. This necessitated foregoing his usual visits to individual subordinate Lodges. Inasmuch, therefore, as Mr. Thompson's August activities were confined to participation in State meetings, all reported here, there appears this month no separate account of his visits.

evening by the Band of Appleton Lodge and a dance at the Home. Upon the following morning, the second day of the meeting, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson arrived. Prominent Elks who welcomed him included Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Broughton, Past Pardon Commissioner William J. Conway, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. J. Geniesse, Thomas F. McDonald and G. Holmes Daubner; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William F. Schad and E. W. Mackey. At noon Mr. Thompson addressed a luncheon meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in the State; and in the evening he was the guest of honor at a banquet at the Home. His speech at the dinner evoked exceptional enthusiasm among the five hundred gathered to hear him. Music in the course of this affair was played by the orchestra of Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687, which later, joined by the Appleton Lodge Band, gave a splendid concert. Other social events of the convention included a golf tournament at the Butte des Morts Country Club, and a buffet luncheon there; a trapshoot, at the Appleton Angling and Shooting Club, and a breakfast for ladies at the North Shore Country Club. The first business session of the yearly assembly was opened with the invocation by the Reverend Henry Halinde, Chaplain of the Association, followed by addresses of welcome by Mayor John Goodland, Jr.; and by Exalted Ruler Alfred S. Bradford. The retiring President of the State body, Raymond C. Dwyer, responded. Meetings of the Association were removed the following day from the Lodge Home to the Butte des Morts Country Club, in order that such of the delegates as desired might be able to compete in the golf and gun contests. Election of officers took place upon the last of the three days of the convention.

Those chosen to guide the Association for the coming year were J. W. Selbach, of Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402, President; Elmer S. Nelson, of Antigo Lodge, No. 662, First-Vice-President; Myron E. Schwartz, of Two Rivers Lodge, No. 1380, Second-Vice-President; A. A. Gritzmacher, of Appleton Lodge, Third Vice-President; William Eulberg, of Portage Lodge, No. 675, Fourth Vice-President; Theodore Benfey, of Sheboygan Lodge, No. 209, Secretary; Lou Uecker, of Antigo Lodge, Treasurer; and, as Trustees, Edward W. Mackey, of Manitowoc Lodge; John J. Pecher, of Madison



Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson, third from the right, in the front row, with Elks who took a prominent part in the Wisconsin State Elks Association convention at Appleton

(Continued on page 49)



ELKDOM OUTDOORS

Our Policy—To Encourage the Replenishment of America's Fields and Forests, Lakes and Streams

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



First—Fort Wayne—Left to right: Duran, Waite, Dunigan, Berghoff



Second—Toledo, Ohio—Left to right: Long, Moffett, Heatley, Kenney

Tri-State Golf Won by Fort Wayne

The Tri-State (Ohio-Indiana-Michigan) Elks Golf Tournament held August 17th at the Elks Country Club at Fort Wayne, Indiana, was a tremendous success, with twenty-seven Elks Clubs represented by team, four ball match players, and another thirty players from all three States who played but did not compete for team honors. Fort Wayne was returned the winner, with Toledo, Ohio, finishing second, Richmond, Indiana, third and Detroit, Michigan, fourth. A. J. Jockel, Exalted Ruler of Fort Wayne, acted as chairman of the reception committee composed of twenty members of the Lodge and from all reports the visiting golfers had a perfect day outside of their flubbed shots and missed putts. Included among the prizes were a number of the new model MacGregor Golf Clubs donated by W. B. Hart of Elkdom Outdoors. Plans for another Tri-State Tournament for next year are already under way.

Ohio State Tournament Ended in Tie

The Ohio State Elks Association Golf Tournament played at the Plum Brook Country Club ended in a tie between Cleveland and Toledo whose total four-man team scores were 323. The trophy donated by Charles S. Hart for the winning team's Lodge will be held over until the Cleveland clam-bake at which time the Cleveland and Toledo Lodge teams by mutual agreement will send their best four-man team to play off the tie. A total of 135 golfers from all over the State took part in the day's play and from the scores turned in it is evident that the Ohio Elks can hold their own with golfers anywhere. Pictures of this tournament have not arrived as we go to press; however, we hope to receive them for future use in Elkdom Outdoors.

Hamilton, Ohio, Holds Par-Fest Tournament

Hamilton Lodge No. 93 held a Par-Fest tournament over their new Country Club on July 30th, and over a hundred turned out to battle with Par. The Lodge purchase this year has proven to be an outstanding feature of Elk activity. Elkdom Outdoors congratulates No. 93.



Third—Richmond, Ind.—Left to right Top: Mapleson, Coulter, Loehr, Johanning



Fourth—Detroit, Mich.—Left to right: I. Unger, Hansing, Bowden, A. Unger

Below—Participants in Hamilton, Ohio, Par-Fest Tournament





Recently we received a letter from Oklahoma wanting to know "What and why is a weak fish." Leo F. Nash of Trenton Lodge, No. 105, answers both questions. The picture above of Mr. Nash and seven weaks ranging in weight from 4½ to 7½ pounds answers the first question. The "why" part is: so fishermen can get a thrill in salt water on light tackle. O. K. Oklahoma.



Surf fishing for striped bass is one of the many sports enjoyed off the Massachusetts coast near Cuttyhunk. The above stripers were taken on rod and reel by C. B. Church, New Bedford Lodge, No. 73, the largest one weighing 55 pounds. Mr. Church holds the record for a striper taken on rod and reel, the prize-winner weighing 73 pounds. How about it, California?



"COME ON, MEN," load your camera and shoot some pictures for "Elkdom Outdoors." Hunting, fishing, golf, etc. This department is for Elks who love outdoor sports. Pass on to them little tricks of fishing and hunting that will be useful in making their pursuit of fun in field and stream more interesting. Send in your outdoor pictures with your story, furnishing names and places. Send only prints, the glossy type preferred, and address all correspondence to "Elkdom Outdoors," ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Chas. Miller and Tex Austin with their breakfast of landlocked salmon

If you want to combine a health-building vacation along with some of the finest fishing to be found anywhere, take a trip into the Moosehead Lake section of Maine. A trip over the famous Allagash route is one of restful beauty and unexcelled fishing. Land-locked Salmon, Togue, Bass and Trout are in abundance, and reports indicate this part of Maine as a veritable outdoor sportman's paradise. You are not confined to fishing as there is also large and small game. The cost of such a trip is not prohibitive and the benefits are unmeasurable. Any information on hunting or fishing in Maine will be gladly furnished by Charlie Miller, our Maine correspondent. His address is Hartfords Point, Greenville, Maine.

Send in Your Hunting and Fishing Pictures to "Elkdom Outdoors"

Watch That Match!

IT'S vacation time, and the forests call. As you motor beneath their healing shade or camp within their green mansions, show your appreciation of these "God's first temples." Vandalism is comparatively rare, carelessness is not. A thoughtless loss of a burning match or cigaret or a camp fire left unbanked may result in destroying beauty and wealth that generations cannot restore.

Fires in the national forests have decreased 48 per cent during the first half of this year, yet the forest service reports that already 51,500 acres have been destroyed by fire. Be careful!

The seventeen Yellowtail shown here is one morning's catch by John F. Hurley and his son Raymond, of Whittier, California. They were hooked out from Long Beach (between Long Beach and Catalina). The smallest one, in center, weighed 9½ pounds, while the largest tipped the scales at 21¾ pounds. One of these baked in the turkey roaster, is truly a dish fit for a king. Mr. Hurley belongs to Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, but has been in the west for some years. In Connecticut he was an inveterate fresh-water fisherman, but says he enjoys deep-sea fishing equally as well.



G. S. Rayburn, San Diego Lodge, No. 168, believes in giving the fish a break and, in so doing, provides a real thrill for himself. His contribution to Elkdom Outdoors is as follows: "If there are any members of the Elks who really enjoy the sport of fighting a good sport fish on the end of a line, let them come to San Diego and fight a Yellowtail. I am enclosing a snapshot of myself holding a 27-pound Yellowtail caught with a bass outfit. Everything was bass tackle excepting the hook. If you think they don't fight, be judged by the time it took to land him. One hour and forty-five minutes."



John E. Downs of No. 955, Douglas, Arizona, finds small-mouth bass fishing at the Coolidge Dam, on the Apache Indian Reservation very much to his liking. The above string was taken on July 6th and afforded a full morning's sport. The picture and story were sent in by W. E. Hatcher, Editor of "Good of the Order" Bulletin of Douglas. Because of the variety of fish pictures sent to Elkdom Outdoors from Arizona, our vote goes to the wide-open spaces.

The Accolade

(Continued from page 13)

Brian threw up an arm in answer. He pulled his belt tighter. This was one of the moments of which he had dreamed. He was playing State—and he wore the black and gold of Bethane. The whistle piped shrilly.

The famous State line was swinging forward. Brian heard the dull, solid thud as a State boot met the ball; he saw the brown oval rise slowly in the air and drift down toward him. He caught it, cradled it in his arms, as he started to run, swinging diagonally across the field to miss two State giants who had slipped by the Bethane forwards. They thundered down on him like blue express trains.

A clutching hand caught at his knee, broke his stride. He faltered, caught himself and then was smashed backwards with terrific force as an iron hard shoulder slammed against his ribs. The grass was cool on his face; the world was full of thundering footsteps. Just before everything went black he felt a burning, searing pain start at his left knee and crawl slowly upward.

He made them bring him out as the second half started, and he lay on his stomach on the sidelines with a blanket thrown over him. The rough wool hid the white bandages which swathed his knee.

It was a great game, a battle of giants. Bethane flashed and stabbed and tore at that State line but, like a wary bulldog, State growled and crouched, yielding ground inches at a time, exacting the last drop of energy for every yard of gain. It couldn't last.

The third period passed into the fourth and still the score board read "Bethane o, State o." Then State's cunning, her bulldog strategy began to swing the scales. Bethane's line, torn to pieces by three driving periods of battle, was slowly forced back. State backs were boring into that weakening line, creeping forward for two yards, three, four.

Nothing flashy about that State team—nothing spectacular—but Brian, watching, knew that it was a great team, an invincible team. No end runs, no trick plays, just that steady smash, smash, smash through a Bethane line which had shattered itself in three furious periods of attack. Brian lay with the blanket pulled close under his chin while the bluesteam-roller marched down past the fifty-yard line, over the forty, neared the thirty.

Now Bethane was fighting close under her own goal, fighting stubbornly, forlornly as blue backs drove through for three yards, four yards. It was seldom more; it was never less. The stands were hushed, expectant.

Bitterly, Brian thought, "I could stop them. Alan and I could stop them together."

THE referee leaped into the tangle of men beneath the goal post, hurling jersied figures right and left as he burrowed for the ball. Then he flung a hand in the air and the State stands rocked with triumphant noise. State had scored! Brian Sande dropped his chin to his folded arms and stared at the patch of yellow grass in front of him.

Twice more, during that final period, the Blue Juggernaut rolled down the field with deliberate precision, and twice more the State stands rocked with a bedlam of sound. Faintly, in the clear autumn air, Brian heard the crack of the time-keeper's pistol. He was glad that it was over.

Old Doc Enderly, looked at Brian's knee and shook his head . . . soberly. The locker-room was warm. Its steamy heat felt good after the sharp nip of the November afternoon. Doc closed his bag, looked thoughtfully at the pile of gear on the floor as he helped Brian to sit up.

"You won't play any more football this year, boy," he said. "Maybe, next year, if you're careful. . ."

Alan came out of the shower-room dripping.

His face was tired and he had a nasty looking scratch across his chin. He threw a damp arm across Brian's shoulders.

"Tough luck, old son," he said quietly. "We'll take 'em next year, you and I." Somehow Brian felt better.

IT WAS September again. When he had been a kid, back on the old *Elsie K*, Brian had dreamed of autumn days at Bethane. Clear, sweet air which carried a hint of frost and went to your head with the tang of old wine; New England hills splashed with the scarlet and purple and gold of Indian summer; clouds of brown leaves dancing along the driveways, piling in the sheltered corners of ivy-covered walls, whirling across the campus in the smoky afternoons.

"Maybe you'll play," Old Doc Enderly had said in the spring. When September came he looked at the faintly discolored knee and shook his head somberly.

Brian had seen that look and his lips had been a grim line as he laced on his cleated shoes. He had spent hours exercising that knee, rubbing it, helping it to grow strong again. The fate of a golden dream rested on that knee. It *must* grow strong. Brian stood in the door of the dressing quarters and looked at the practice field for a moment. His lips felt parched and dry.

A boot thudded solidly against tight leather and Brian saw the beautiful spiral of one of Alan's punts as it rose in the air. Men shouted cheerily as they trotted up and down the practice field to loosen stiff muscles. Brian walked down onto the springy turf. It was good to be back.

He knew that it was all over, that his golden dream was gone forever, as he saw that punt sailing down at him through the slanting sun. Somehow he felt brittle, cold, as his hands reached for the ball. It dropped into his arms as he sprang forward, digging his cleats into the fragrant turf. A tackler was pounding toward him; he threw his weight on the weakened knee to dodge.

Then he was lying on his face again; his fingers were digging into the grass while that searing pain crawled up his leg.

It was Alan and Old Doc Enderly who slipped their arms about him and helped him to the sidelines again. Alan laughed cheerfully but his eyes were dark with apprehension.

"You're just getting too anxious," he said. "That's all. Am I right, Doc? Give it another month and you'll be fitter than ever. You've got to give it time, old son."

"Yes," answered Brian from between white lips. "I'll have to give it time, I guess."

He knew then that he would never play again for Bethane. Never, for him, would the stands rise and sing MEN OF BETHANE, while men stood bareheaded in the twilight. His golden dream was dying—it was dead. Alan and Old Doc looked and then turned away. It is not good to try and comfort a man whose dreams have died.

Bethane won from Army that autumn—a hard game fought from whistle to gun with a stubbornness which gave and asked no quarter. Alan made the touchdown, a brilliant bit of broken field world which brought the stands to their feet as the dusk dropped over Manhattan. Brian went home with Alan after the game. It was there that he began to build a new dream.

Her name was Barbara Fay, and he saw her first silhouette against one of the tall windows which the slanting sun had turned into a mirror of gold. She was slender, with slim fingers and a flower-like face framed in the platinum of her hair. Her eyes smiled at Brian.

"You are Brian Sande," she said. "Alan has told me about you."

Brian felt suddenly warm, happy inside—

as he had felt when he dreamed of the days to come at Bethane back on the old *Elsie K*.

They slipped away from a laughing weekend crowd that night and went into the big library where Alan's dog dozed in front of a log fire. There was a couch and Barbara curled up in one end facing the blaze while she motioned Brian to sit beside her. Music, faint laughter drifted to their ears. The orchestra was playing the Merry Widow Waltz.

Brian had had little enough experience with women but somehow he was not afraid of the girl beside him. She seemed to understand. He found that he was telling her of his father who had died in the "two-bit flop" on the Barbary Coast; of his dreams while he stood watch on the *Elsie K* waiting for the tropic sun to bring another blistering dawn. Of one dream he didn't speak.

That dream was gone—no one would ever know, even, that there had been a dream. And, somehow, the hurt of that broken dream was less as he talked to the girl beside him. He read understanding in her soft eyes.

So Brian went back to Bethane with his new dream rising out of the ashes of the old.

He saw her once more that year—on the eve of the State game in November. That was a bitter, disappointing game in which a brilliant Bethane eleven went down before the dogged attack of a great State team. The next day Barbara left for a year on the Continent and Brian went back to his dreams, his half-formed plans.

BRIAN sat in the stands with Barbara and watched Alan play his last game for Bethane. It was Brian's last year too. Barbara seemed to know what he was thinking as they waited for the team to come out on the field. She smiled, covered his hand with her own. Brian felt a little breathless as he looked at her cool beauty, her loveliness. Suddenly he knew that to-night he would ask her; to-night he would find out whether or not his new dream could ever become reality. She was smiling again, her eyes crinkling at him from the depths of the gray fur about her throat.

"Sorry that this is the last, Brian?" she asked softly. Brian nodded, his sober eyes on the brown stretch of the playing field.

"I had sort of—hoped to play down there—sometime," he answered slowly. "Alan will have to play for both of us, I guess."

It was a bitter game.

State's blue-clad veterans had come out of the north scenting another victory. For fifty long minutes they pounded at Bethane's goal line and, as the autumn dusk rolled down over the field, again it seemed inevitable that that blue wave would sweep over the ragged line of black-and-gold warriors who battled, backs to their goal. Alan passed along behind the crouching forwards, slapping them encouragingly as State lined up once more.

Brian sat quite still, his fists doubled into hard knots, his mouth a thin, harsh line, the girl beside him forgotten. He was down there with them.

"Ball on the eight-yard line. First down and goal to go. Six minutes left to play. Score—Bethane o, State 6." His thoughts raced in a confused jumble.

The Blue backs shifted, paused, sliced forward. The Bethane line crumpled slowly and Brian saw Alan hurl himself at the mass of churning bodies which came through the gap. He could feel the shock of those driving shoulders. Alan was loosening his headgear; he hurled it back behind the goal posts.

"Sherwood got two yards over Marty. Second down and six to go. Watch for another drive over Marty!"

The Blue wall surged forward again on the left side of the line. A blue jersey shot into the clear for a split second before it was smothered

in a wave of black and gold. Less than three yards to go now!

Then Brian was on his feet yelling hoarsely. A brown oval had spun out of the tangle, rolled free for a split second on the trampled sod. State had fumbled! Alan's quick eyes had seen! With three lightning strides he had scooped the ball into his arms, was out in the clear.

A blue giant barred his way—another was flashing up—but the cloak of immortality had dropped onto Alan's shoulders this day. Twisting, dodging, stumbling but always moving forward, he fought his way out. The clawing fingers of the last blue tackler missed under a stinging straight arm.

The people in the stands were going crazy as the white stripes flashed by under Alan's pounding feet. Brian counted them under his breath.

"Fifty—sixty—eighty—GOAL!"

The stands were quiet as the team lined up for the kick. Brian sat without moving. Alan wouldn't miss; Alan wasn't the sort who misses. Twenty-two men surged into violent action. Brian heard the soft thud of the kick, watched the ball rise slowly in the air. It dropped squarely between the goal posts.

BETHANE 7. STATE 6!

The timekeeper's pistol cracked sharply. Out on the field weary men straightened. The game was over.

Suddenly the mad stands hushed. Ten men, men wearing the black and gold of Bethane, had taken off their soaked head-gears. They were raising an eleventh man to their shoulders. They were turning him to face the crowded stands where Bethane men waited.

The eleventh man was Alan Wentworth. Brian stood beside Barbara Fay as the first notes of the golden song flowed over the white barred field to a son who had been found worthy. A lump came into Brian's throat as he stood uncovered and listened to that solemn anthem swelling upwards in the dusk. This was the way Bethane saluted her own.

"They have come from a hundred cities,
They have come from ocean and plain,
And THEY lift their hands in salute to you,
Son of old Bethane."

Suddenly Brian knew that THAT song was reserved for the Alan Wentworths of the world; not for the Brian Sandes. There was no hint of jealousy, no shadow of bitterness in his eyes as he walked down to where Alan stood, bareheaded, in the twilight.

IT WAS a pimply faced undergraduate who smashed Brian's second dream—smashed it unwittingly, although there was no one except Brian who knew. Barbara had left after the game to motor down to Chester with the Harringtons. Brian and Alan would come later. After she had gone Brian strolled slowly back across the campus in the early evening. Ahead of him walked two men, talking of the game.

One said, "I guess this afternoon will prop up Wentworth's fences all right."

"What d'you mean?" asked the other. Brian overheard them without interest. His mind was busy with the game, Barbara Fay, the new dream which he had builded for himself.

"With his girl," replied the first man shortly, hunching his overcoat about his narrow shoulders. Lights were beginning to flicker over the campus; the wind had a November edge to it. "Jerry Slater, who was at prep with Wentworth, told me that another guy has been cutting him out with his girl here lately."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Slater said that Wentworth was practically engaged to this girl when she went to Europe a year ago—but lately the old love has been cooling, so to speak. In a word, his girl has been giving Wentworth the mitten for a fellow named Sande."

"Sande," said the other. "Never heard of him."

"Played football his freshman year, Slater said. Got his leg hurt or something. They say he was a flash but that was before my time."

Their voices died away in the darkness. Brian stopped, sat down on a bench beneath one of the aged trees beside the walk. Once again his world had been turned upside down. Alan's girl.

He hadn't known that. He hadn't known that he had been stealing Alan Wentworth's girl—Alan Wentworth, who was his friend, who had played square with him. For a long time Brian sat in the darkness looking at the spire of Devon Hall which loomed faintly ahead.

"A gentleman plays a clean game, son, and he plays it out to the end!"

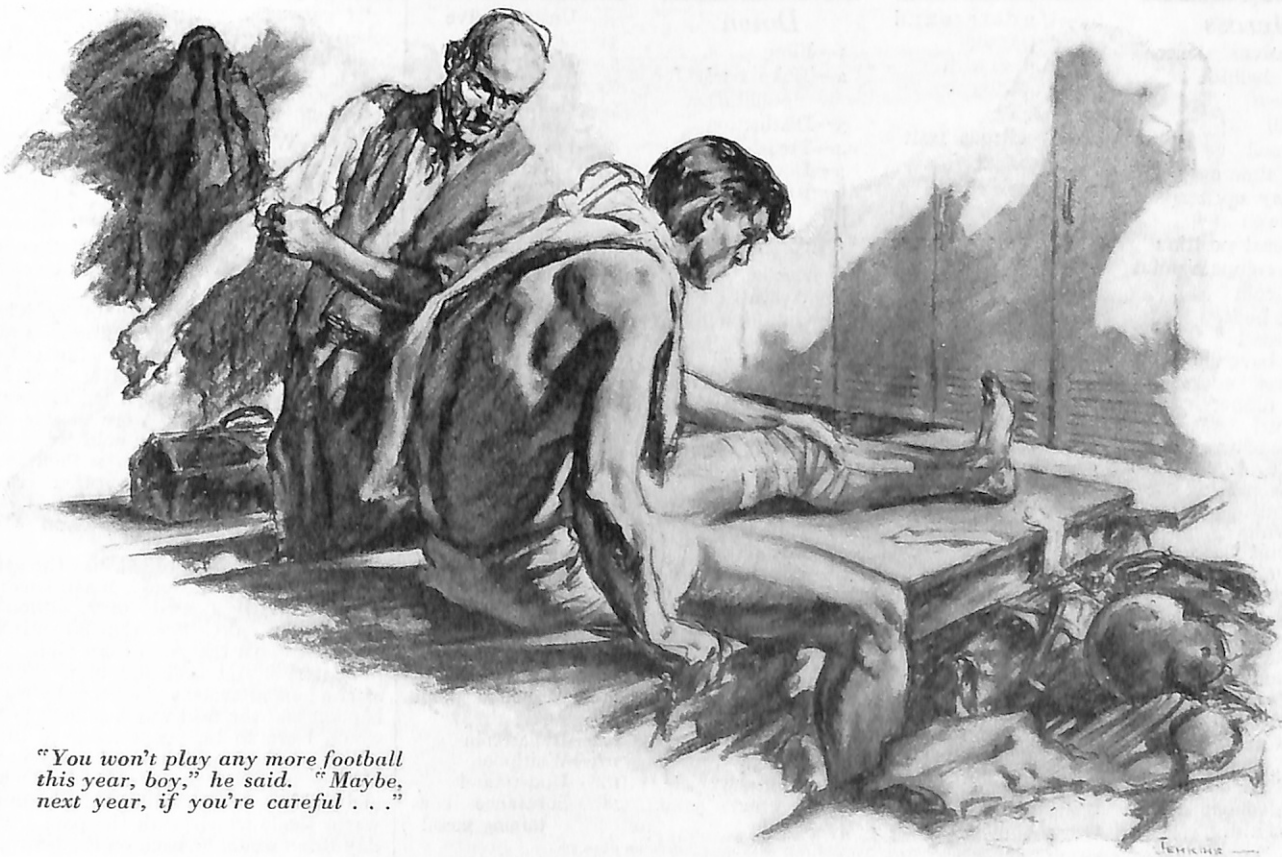
That was what his father had said to him back there in the dingy rooming house in San Francisco. That was the advice of a champion, of a man who had stood in the twilight while they sang MEN OF BETHANE to him. For a bitter moment Brian reflected that Fighting Micky Sande's son was no champion. Then his shoulders straightened.

After a while he got up and walked slowly on. He was a champion's son. He must play the game out to the end but—shattered dreams are bitter.

Graduation came in June; the Class scattered to the four winds. Alan wanted Brian to join him in Wentworth Senior's firm, but Brian was going back to the sea. He saw Barbara, a Barbara with hurt, questioning eyes, twice after that bitter evening on Bethane Campus.

The first time was when he was best man at Alan's wedding—Alan had never known; the second was when he visited them for a day before his destroyer convoy left for France. That was five years after Brian's last June at Bethane. Now he wore the gold braid of a lieutenant commander on his blue sleeve. Alan Junior was not quite four years old.

BRIAN was in a hospital in England when the war ended. Thirty hours of drifting in the icy waters of the North Sea—drifting with a fragment of steel shell in his side, had done that. There was little in the gaunt, gray-templed man who came back to New York nineteen months after the war was over to remind one of the tawny-haired boy who had come to Bethane with his dreams. Brian's youth had gone forever when he came to Bethane again. Only his eyes were the same
(Continued on page 38)



"You won't play any more football this year, boy," he said. "Maybe, next year, if you're careful . . ."

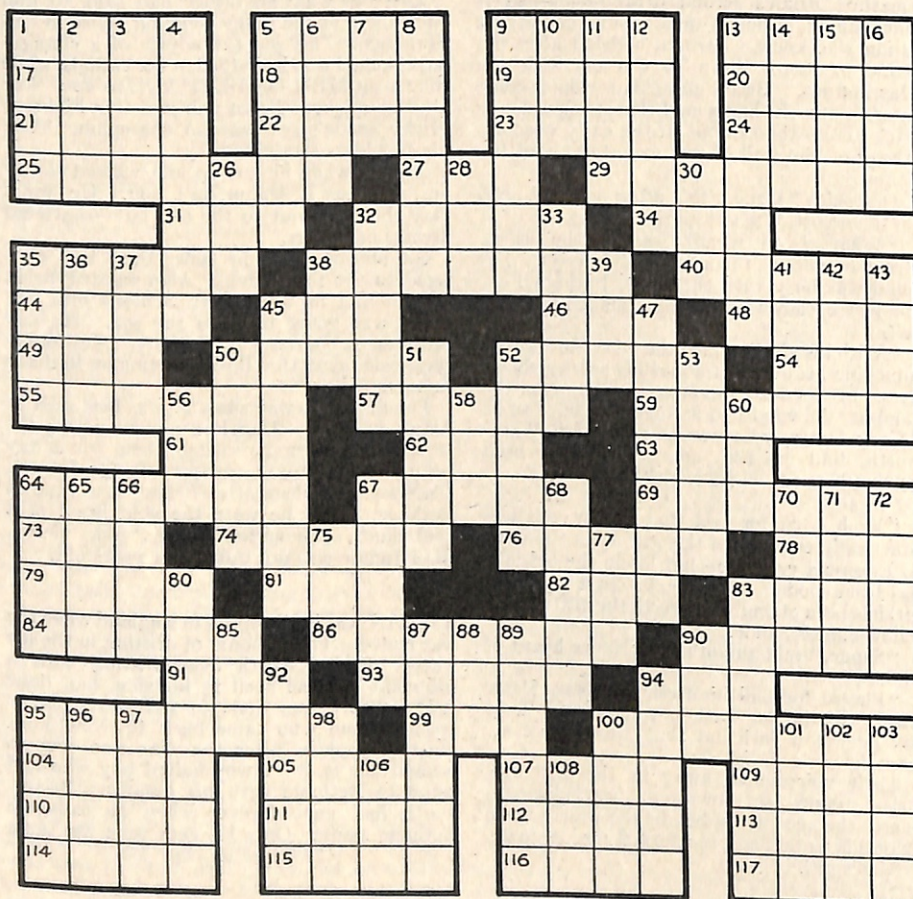
Cross-Word Puzzle

By Lillian W. Requa, Southington, Conn.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE will pay readers \$10 for any cross-word puzzle which it can publish.

The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; it cannot enter into correspondence about them. Please do not send in answers to puzzles already published.

The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: Ethel H. Chambers, Los Angeles, Calif.; L. S. Goudie, Lincoln, Nebr.; Frank James and Sam S. Osborne, Represa, Calif.; and Marion Stopper, Williamsport, Pa.



Across

- 1—Canvas shelter
- 5—A shellfish
- 9—Base
- 13—Till
- 17—Smell
- 18—A flower
- 19—Any open space
- 20—Dwell
- 21—Local position
- 22—A compass point
- 23—A coin
- 24—So be it
- 25—Vessel
- 27—A beverage
- 29—Last course of dinner
- 31—Turf
- 32—Benches
- 34—Negative adverb
- 35—Sharpening strap
- 38—Rushing stream
- 40—Wales
- 44—Dolt
- 45—Deface
- 46—Possess
- 48—Stir up
- 49—Sphere
- 50—Raves
- 52—Body of soldiers
- 54—Exist
- 55—Tease
- 57—Reserve fund
- 59—Exchanged
- 61—Recede
- 62—Alcoholic drink
- 63—Of him

Down

- 64—Underground passage
- 67—Agrees with
- 69—Collision
- 73—Mimic
- 74—A citrus fruit
- 76—Beamed
- 78—Also
- 79—Ditch surrounding a fortress
- 81—Ocean
- 82—Fragment of cloth
- 83—Propose
- 84—Penetrate
- 86—Snarer
- 90—Parts of harnesses
- 91—Cosmic cycle
- 93—Horse
- 94—A metal
- 95—One who blots
- 99—Playful blow
- 100—Essay
- 104—Thick cord
- 105—Ornamental vessel
- 107—Only
- 109—Barren
- 110—Always
- 111—Exactly
- 112—A metal
- 113—Twine
- 114—Encysted tumors
- 115—Coarse grass
- 116—Want
- 117—Dominion

Down

- 1—Fling
- 2—Make ready for publication
- 3—Distinction
- 4—Treachery
- 5—Doctrine
- 6—Utter boastfully
- 7—Blockhead
- 8—Superior
- 9—Leave
- 10—Wrath
- 11—Give temporary use of
- 12—Consumed
- 13—Composition of lime, sand, and water
- 14—Calcium oxide
- 15—Above
- 16—Departed
- 26—Swab
- 28—Auricle
- 30—Strew
- 32—Classifies
- 33—Breathe noisily in sleep
- 35—Spill
- 36—Rent
- 37—Deprives unjustly
- 38—Yellowish brown
- 39—Cardinal numeral
- 41—Burden
- 42—Weary
- 43—Winter vehicle
- 45—A child's game
- 47—Trifle
- 50—Unsubmissive
- 51—Smirch
- 52—Woody plants
- 53—Chief
- 56—Half a score
- 58—Aged
- 60—Poisonous snake
- 64—Vapid
- 65—On top of
- 66—Very clean
- 67—Aspires
- 68—Fragment
- 70—Iota
- 71—Small bay
- 72—Pedal digits
- 75—Refuted
- 77—Implement for rowing
- 80—Vacillates
- 83—Madmen
- 85—Decay
- 87—Listen
- 88—A vegetable
- 89—A digestive medicine
- 90—Strike
- 92—At no time
- 94—Bent
- 95—Plot
- 96—Sweetheart
- 97—Commence
- 98—Utter wildly
- 100—Medicinal plant
- 101—Boast
- 102—Italian coin
- 103—Whirlpool
- 106—Understand
- 108—Substance containing metal

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 40

(Continued from page 37)

—cool, self-contained in the weatherbeaten brown of his face.

Alan was glad to see him; Barbara welcomed him with the same quiet smile. The years had been good to both of them.

To little Alan, Brian was a hero; to Brian the youngster represented the dreams which he had given up. They were friends. Brian knew that it was good to be back—to stroll through the cool lawns at The Oaks with small Alan clinging to his hand; to listen quietly while Barbara talked of the glamorous days which they had known when he and Alan were at Bethane.

That autumn Brian went back to Bethane for the first time, went back when the New England hills were again splashed with the paint brush of early fall. He liked to sit on the bench at the edge of the practice field while youngsters in black-and-gold jerseys and yellow canvas pants kicked long, spiraling punts, slashed through scrimmage.

Evil years had come to Bethane. Brian sat with Tod McClosky, still head coach of football, and watched a ragged practice before the opening game in September.

"They don't play football the way it used to be played when Alan Wentworth—and you, Brian—were playing," said McClosky, running a hand through his grizzled hair. "Look at young Sanders out there. He's got everything to make a great player but he just doesn't seem to click. Look at that!"

Sanders had been smeared at the line of scrimmage.

Brian sucked thoughtfully at his pipe while he watched the two teams line up. Sanders was smeared again. Brian smiled and his hard, lined face was suddenly youthful again as he turned to McClosky.

"He's all right, Tod," he said. "Listen, make him line up a yard farther back on that play. Then, when he starts, he takes one step to the right and then cuts in. Try it."

McClosky walked out to the tired players and spoke a half a dozen quiet words to the boy, illustrating them with sharp gestures. The play was called again and Sanders flashed through for twenty yards before he was nailed by the secondary defense. McClosky rubbed his head again as he sat down on the bench.

"I guess I'm getting old, Brian," he said soberly. "I'd like to have you stay."

So, after eight years, Brian came back to Bethane.

ALAN WENTWORTH grew a little gray about the temples, a little thick about the waist. Young Alan was playing prep football at St. Paul's. Tod McClosky retired to live in a little bungalow on the Maine coast. Brian Sande became a tradition at Bethane; Brian Sande's teams became immortal legend.

Brian, himself, hadn't changed much. That was a picture which every schoolboy, every sportsman in America knew—a tall man, with shoulders unbelievably wide and square, who sat on the bench and smoked his pipe thoughtfully while he watched his teams. A picture of a man who wore a pair of faded knickers and a black-and-gold jersey—a man who inspired in his teams such a frenzy of loyalty and esteem as no other coach had ever known. Brian Sande had coached teams which lost, but never a team which was not great.

The sports writers called him the grand old man of football—although Brian was not old. He had barely passed forty, although that night in the North Sea, that bit of iron in his side, had taken ten years from him.

That side still bothered him. Sometimes, after a long afternoon when the sky was a gray blanket and the field was a sodden bog, Brian would have to be taken back to his rooms where young Doc Crawford, who had taken old Doc Enderly's place, worked with hot pads and rubber tubes while Brian's lined face was a shade whiter with the pain. The next day Brian would be back on the bench, watch-

ing his boys with that cool, kindly smile—suggesting, instructing, advising, driving where driving was necessary.

The years rolled on. Bethane teams carried the fame of Bethane and Bethane's Grand Old Man to wherever football was played. Young Alan graduated from St. Paul's; was a freshman at his father's university. Now, Doc Crawford came more frequently to Brian's rooms. Sometimes it would be two days, three, four, before Brian would be back there on the bench. Sometimes it would be a week.

Young Alan came to Brian's rooms, too, and Brian was glad to see him. Young Alan was following in the footsteps of other Wentworths—he, too, was going to be a great football player.

At times, when the pain eased, Brian liked to sit and watch young Alan's face; to imagine, just for a moment, that it was *his* son who sat there. Time had healed the bitterness and Brian had learned that dreams are foolish things to build upon—still—he liked to imagine. He liked to hope that one day young Alan would be found worthy to receive the honor which had passed Brian Sande by. He hoped that he might stand, bareheaded, and hear them sing *MEN OF BETHANE* to the son he had given up.

FOUR times since that distant afternoon in November had Brian heard them sing that mighty song. It was not given lightly—nor to the many. Somehow his heart always felt that queer catch, the lump began to rise in his throat, when he saw the team turn to face the stands—heard those voices begin to swell out in the hushed air. It would be almost the same as though it were for *him*—if the boy should receive that honor.

Young Alan was a sophomore now, substitute for cagey Ben Wilding, who was playing his last season for Bethane as quarter on Brian Sande's team. Brian was far from well this year. He was flat on his back for the Holy Cross game. An eminent specialist conferred with young Doc Crawford, advised a hospital, but Brian refused to let them move him.

Army came in October and, when the last whistle shrilled in the dripping, gray afternoon, the big score board read, "Army 21. Bethane 0." That was a bitter dose for Brian. It was a week before his familiar figure appeared on the bench beside the practice field. The team was going down-hill; the fire which had shown them the way to greatness in past seasons was burning lower—flickering as the old wound, cut by flame hurled iron, bit more deeply into Brian's side.

The sports writers were kind. They spoke of a green eleven, of next year's come-back, of changes in rules and styles of play but, beneath it all, the world knew that Brian Sande was slipping—knew that the teams which, for a dozen years had ruled the football world by sheer greatness, were great no longer.

Brian knew, too, and it hurt. This was young Alan's first year of varsity play. He had hoped to make young Alan the greatest player on the greatest team which had ever worn Bethane's black and gold. Yes, it hurt.

Again State came down out of the north, a triumphant, eager State who had slashed and driven her way through an undefeated season—a State who waited to stamp out the memory of past defeats. It was such a State team as the Blue had sent to Bethane in Alan Wentworth's day, a State team which would not be beaten.

They tried—there was nothing craven about the Bethane team who took the field on that afternoon when the sun was clear and crisp and the wind held a hint of the winter around the corner. For thirty long minutes they fought a dogged, hopeless battle which drained the last ounce of energy from their bodies and sent them, at half time, into the shower rooms crying with exhaustion. It was a vain effort. The score board showed "State 13. Bethane 0."

The eminent specialist and Doc Crawford

would not allow Brian to leave his bed but, at the end of the first half, Alan Wentworth brought him word of how it was going.

"They're fighting a great battle," he said hopelessly. "But State's got us licked, Brian. They're unbeatable—magnificent."

Brian listened with his eyes closed. He was thinking of that game against State when Brian Sande lay on the ground, his knee swathed in bandages, while he watched another great State team which would not be beaten. After a while he spoke.

"Has the boy gotten in yet?"

Alan shook his head.

"Wilding's been playing a great game."

Brian suddenly pushed the bed clothes from his gaunt frame. His face grayed for an instant as the sharp pain shot through his side but his eyes were calm, determined. For a second it seemed to him that he could hear the voice of that old champion back there in the San Francisco rooming house—the champion whose son had not been great enough to be a champion.

"Play the game out to the end, boy."

He spoke slowly to Alan, waving aside the nurse who hurried forward in protest.

"Help me get into some clothes, Alan," he said quietly. "Those boys need help out there."

Doc Crawford came in hurriedly; he spoke in a sharp voice, but there was something in Brian's face which stopped him in the middle of a sentence.

"Give me a hand, Doc. I'm afraid I need a little help."

They made a place for him on the players' bench where the long afternoon sun slanted down softly. The third period was nearly over; the score board still read, "State 13. Bethane 0."

Bethane men in black-and-gold jerseys were hurling themselves forward in one last, heart-breaking attempt to stem that blue tide. Brian beckoned to a youth who squatted in front of the bench with a blanket over his shoulders. Young Alan was going to have his chance.

"Listen, son," said Brian softly. "In a minute you're going in there. Tell them for me that Bethane men lose but that—*BETHANE MEN ARE NEVER BEATEN!* Just tell them that, son, and—good luck."

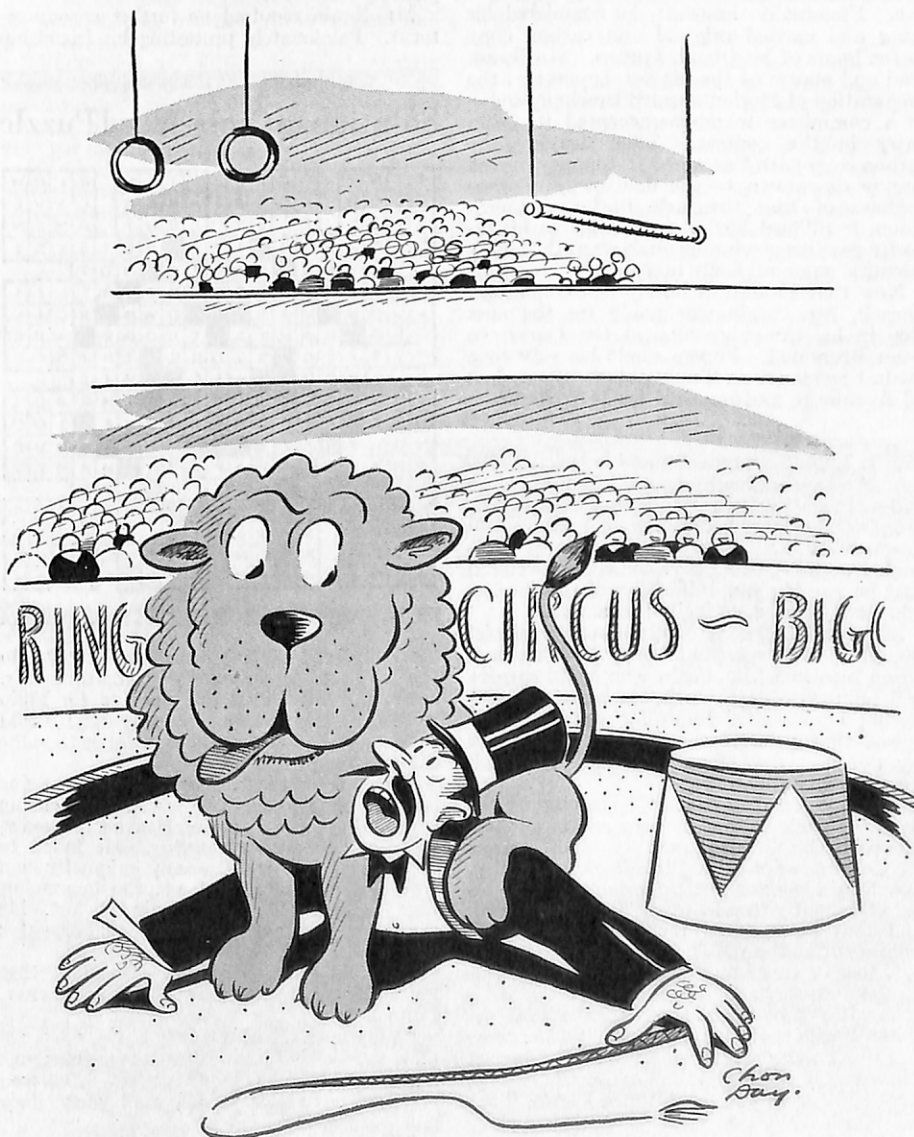
The quarter ended. Weary men threw themselves flat on the torn sod for a minute's rest. Young Alan pulled the strap of his head-gear tight and trotted out onto the field to replace Ben Wilding who came in, bruised, battered, sobbing with exhaustion and defeat.

As Alan walked toward the referee there was a movement among the black-jerseyed players. Dirty, sweat-streaked faces were turned toward the players' bench. They saw a gray-headed man, broad shoulders swathed in a black-and-gold jersey, calm eyes watching them.

Brian Sande was there!

The fourth period of that State-Bethane game is history, magnificent history. Those who saw will not forget; State fans rose and cheered a Bethane team while that saga was

(Continued on page 40)



"Is this any way to treat 30,000 customers?"

(Continued from page 39)

being written. A hundred thousand people went mad during that fifteen minutes while they watched a Bethane team rise to heights such as no other team had ever reached. They saw a Bethane team, battered and beaten in three periods of bitter battle, turn and slash its way to an immortal victory.

It was magnificent! It was sublime!

Three times during that short fifteen minutes of play did an inspired Bethane team, led by Alan Wentworth, smash its way over the States goal line. That was a team which could not be stopped! Hard, tough men in that Bethane line crouched with the tears running down their cheeks and then smashed the touted State line to shreds so that Bethane backs might rip through for ten yards, fifteen, twenty!

The Old Man was out there watching them.

The doctors said that the Old Man was dying. There were tears in Brian's eyes as he watched them. Those were his boys out there. They were doing that for him. They were good boys. High above, on the rim of the stadium, the big score board winked in the gathering darkness.

"STATE 13. BETHANE 21."

The timekeeper's gun cracked faintly. The game was over. Brian sighed and brushed his hand across his face. That was his team—no man would ever have a greater.

Suddenly the stands hushed. Brian had come to know that feeling of tenseness which came before the song. He felt it now and he smiled softly. He was very glad. In the last period of that game young Alan had risen to heights which even his father had never reached. Brian rose, fighting back the pain

which clawed at his side. He pulled off his battered old cap.

Something was wrong! The team straightened, turned. He saw their faces, weary, bruised, streaked with sweat and grime. They ran as one man; they were running toward him. Tears were on their cheeks; they cried openly and unashamed. With tender hands they were lifting him, turning him to face the stands.

Then Brian Sande knew. It was the moment—his moment! It was for him!

As from a great distance, he heard that solemn chorus swelling up to the stars in a mighty chant of acclaim:

"They have come from a hundred cities,
They have come from ocean and plain,
And they lift their hands in salute to YOU,
Son of old Bethane."

The Whites of Their Lies

(Continued from page 18)

Flukers' boarding house, he blessed Mr. Swain—never suspecting that Forcep was—at that exact moment—hurling anathema upon the Slappeyan head and plotting to bring misery and disaster to the well-meaning gentleman who had wrecked his matrimonial bark before ever it had been launched.

Mr. Slappey was no deft typist and the joy of copying The Glittering Gate required a full twenty-four hours. Furthermore he found the task of changing beer to soda pop no simple one. Eventually, however, he completed his labor and carried original and carbon copy to the home of his friend, Forcep. Mr. Swain read and approved the playlet, supervised the preparation of Florian's sealed envelope, and—as a committee member—accepted it as an entry in the contest. Then—leaving the carbon copy with Forcep—Mr. Slappey moved briskly downtown to the deliciously odorous confines of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor to indulge in his favorite pastime of winning quarters at the highly scientific game of Kelly pool.

Now that Florian definitely had committed himself, Mr. Swain was ready for the next step in his campaign against the Darktown Beau Brummell. Forcep made his way to a modest residence on Twenty-sixth Street, just off Avenue B, and inquired for Phillip Jones.

MR. JONES was a solid and respected citizen. An ironworker by trade, Phillip was large and black and imposing. Huge muscles stood out prominently beneath an ebony skin and while few persons had ever seen Mr. Jones thoroughly aroused, there were some who declared that he was the personification of the irresistible force when once incited to action.

Mr. Swain had selected his man after careful thought. He knew that there weren't a half dozen men in Birmingham who could survive two minutes of a Phillip Jones assault, and—having known Mr. Jones for years—Forcep sensed that beneath the massive chest there lay dormant a profound yearning for intellectual achievement.

The One-Act play contest, sponsored by the *Weekly Epoch*, colored newspaper, in connection with The Birmingham Very Small Theater for Colored, afforded a glittering opportunity. Mr. Swain opened the interview by explaining vehemently that he was Phillip's best friend, and that he resented the large gentleman's failure to let the public know his true worth. Mr. Jones grinned modestly, and declared that he didn't have enough brains to have a headache with, although he sho' wisht he had.

Mr. Swain spoke persuasively. "How come you don't write a play an' git yo'self crowned One-Act Laureate of Bumminham?"

"Foolishment you talk! What I know 'bout writin' plays?"

"Tain't hard. An' you'd like bein' crowned wouldn't you?"

Phillip gave vent to an enormous sigh. "Forcep," he confided—"all my life I has craved to be somebody, an' ain't never been. Ise a hard worker an' I earn a livin'—but any time there is a crowd lookin' at somebody, I ain't nothin' but a feller in that crowd. Was I ever to git called on a platform to have some laurels crowned on my haid—was folks ever to point me out on the street as the feller which had wrote a play—I'd mos' die of happiness."

Mr. Swain required no further encouragement. Passionately protesting his friendship

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 38)

T	E	N	T	C	R	A	B	V	I	L	E	P	L	O	W
O	D	O	R	R	O	S	E	A	R	E	A	L	I	V	E
S	I	T	E	E	A	S	T	C	E	N	T	A	M	E	N
S	T	E	A	M	E	R	T	E	A	D	E	S	S	E	R
S	O	D	S	E	A	T	S	N	O	T					
S	T	R	O	P	T	O	R	R	E	N	T	W	E	L	T
L	O	O	N	M	A	R	O	W	N	R	O	I	L		
O	R	B	R	A	N	T	S	T	R	O	O	P	A	R	E
P	E	S	T	E	R	S	T	O	R	E	T	R	A	D	E
				E	B	B	A	L	E	H	I	S			
T	U	N	N	E	L	S	I	D	E	S	I	M	P	A	C
A	P	E	L	E	M	O	N	S	H	O	N	E	T	O	O
M	O	A	T	S	E	A	R	A	G	M	O	V	E		
E	N	T	E	R	T	R	A	P	P	E	R	H	A	M	E
				E	O	N	S	T	E	E	D	T	I	N	
B	L	O	T	T	E	R	T	A	P	A	R	T	I	C	L
R	O	P	E	V	A	S	E	S	O	L	E	A	R	I	D
E	V	E	R	E	V	E	N	I	R	O	N	C	O	R	D
W	E	N	S	R	E	E	D	N	E	E	D	S	W	A	Y

for Phillip, and delving somewhat deeply into the subject of inferiority complexes—Mr. Swain insisted that it was possible for Phillip to write and submit a one-act play which would so far overshadow all other entries as to make comparison an insult.

Forcep explained that he had a play—a fine one-act play about two ex-burglars sitting before the golden gate of Heaven discussing ways and means of entering. He failed to mention that Lord Dunsany originally had conceived the idea, and left the impression that it was a child of the Swain intellect. He then suggested that Mr. Jones should copy this play and submit it as his own.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Phillip—"woul'n't that be swellgent! But would it be honest, Forcep?"

"Why not? Heah's a copy of the rules, an' all it says is that each contestant must submit a play which he has wrote himself. Well, you is gwine write this yo'self, ain't you? Ev'y last word of it."

"Tha's right." Phillip felt that there was a flaw in Forcep's logic, but he was inclined not

to be too captious. "If I written it myse'f, it'd be just what they require."

"Can you use a typewriter?"

"Naw! I ain't never tried."

"Well then—copy it careful. Use pen an' ink an' be sure you spell all the words right." Forcep placed in the ham-like hands of the new literary aspirant the carbon copy of the play as typewritten by Florian Slappey. "You got to be mighty careful, Phillip . . . an' next week us will see plenty."

Mr. Jones showered Forcep with thanks. He left the house and purchased pen, ink and paper. Then he tackled the colossal task of copying every word of the Slappey-Dunsany creation. Two days later he completed his manuscript.

"This writin' business sho' is difficult," he observed. "I never worked so hard in my life."

"You is all finished?"

"Uh-huh. An' I crave to know what Ise s'posed to do next."

Forcep pretended to think. "P'raps you better keep the manuscript for th'ee or fo' days mo'. Ain't no sense gittin' it in too early. You got it in yo' house, ain't you?"

"Yassuh: right in the top drawer of my bureau."

"Keep it there until I let you know. Then you can give it to me."

"You is the boss, Forcep."

"An' now, Brother Jones—le's us shake. Us is bofe authors."

"Ain't it the roof? You think Ise gwine win?"

"Phillip, Ise tellin' you—nobody else ain't got a chance."

Mr. Jones passed a shaking hand across his brow. "I can feel them laurel wreaths right now, Forcep."

Mr. Swain then suggested that a celebration was in order. Mr. Jones agreed, and it was decided that the following night Phillip was to play host at a poker party. "I'll git Florian Slappey," announced Forcep, "an' Lawyer Evans Chew an' Jasper De V. Void an' Epic Peters."

"Oh, boy! Them fellers ain't hardly ever noticed me befo'. But I reckon if Ise gwine be One-Act Laureate, they might as well git acquainted with me pretty quick."

"They sho' better. But listen, Phillip—take my advice an' don't talk about this play to nobody. That'll make it mo's surprizeful when they select your'n an' call you up on the stage to get crowned."

"Ain't you tootin', Brother Swain. An' I'll be seein' you tomorrow evenin'."

FORCEP was treading on air. His scheme had worked thus far without a single hitch. Between now and the night of the coronation, he intended to play upon Mr. Jones's newly aroused ambition; he proposed to plant in Mr. Jones's mind the idea that nothing on earth

was of such importance as being crowned One-Act Laureate of Birmingham; he planned to cause Mr. Slappey to be totally annihilated when Phillip Jones should discover that the unsuspecting Florian apparently had stolen The Solid Gold Gate and submitted it as his own.

Not a detail had been overlooked. No cinematic confection from Forcep's typewriter had ever been more exquisitely planned. The denouement promised to be highly dramatic. And then Mr. Swain—bereft of the unworthy Widow Snack—would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had been revenged by his own efforts, and he revelled in the thought that Florian would never suspect who had engineered the catastrophe.

But two or three steps yet remained to be taken. Mr. Swain found Florian in Bud's place. They seated themselves at the counter and inhaled large bowls of delicious Brunswick stew. Then, quite casually, Mr. Swain inquired whether Florian had taken with him the carbon copy of The Solid Gold Gate.

"No," said Florian—"I lef' it in yo' room. Why?"

"Cause I cain't find it nowhere. I must of displaced it."

"I reckon you did, Forcep. But it don't make no diff'ence nohow."

The following night five prominent colored gentlemen presented themselves at the homes of Mr. Phillip Jones—pretender to the One-Act Laureatecy of Birmingham. Chips were divided, cards dealt and an excellent game of stud was launched.

Phillip lost steadily but cheerfully. After all, these were advance rewards of greatness, and he would willingly have spent twice the amount of his losses for the pleasure of being identified with these men.

At about ten o'clock Forcep Swain excused himself. He moved unobtrusively into Phillip's room—and once there he worked swiftly and efficiently.

He opened the drawer of Phillip's oak dresser. Atop some of Mr. Jones's clothes he saw Phillip's one-act play. Mr. Jones's handwriting was large, bold and impressive, and Forcep realized that the ironworker must have labored most diligently in preparing this bid for fame. Attached to the manuscript was a sealed envelope, and Forcep knew that this envelope contained Phillip's name. Mr. Swain permitted an evil smile to decorate his features. Then, coldly, calmly and deliberately, Forcep took the playlet, walked through the side door

and pitched the manuscript into the corner sewer.

At midnight the last round of roodles was started and one o'clock found Forcep in bed. He sighed, smiled, relaxed and snored. At six a.m. an ebony tornado burst into his room. Phillip Jones was frothing.

"My play has gone, Forcep. Somebody stold it!"

Mr. Swain sat up and blinked. "Stold it fum where?"

"Fum my top drawer."

"Who could of done such a thing?"

Phillip displayed a devastating expression. "Did I know who, I'd see that he happened to a manslaughter awful sudden."

Forcep played cleverly on Phillip's sense of outrage, and then suggested that the play must be recopied immediately.

"Oh! whoa is me!" groaned Mr. Jones.

"Writin' it once was bad enough."

"Ain't you cravin' to be One-Act Laureate?"

"Tha's the most thing I is."

"Then you better git busy—quick. Us writers has got to write, an' don't forget you didn't even have the trouble of decomposing this thing."

The following morning—utterly exhausted, and with his right hand trembling from the after-effects of writer's cramp—Mr. Jones completed his second draft of Lord Dunsany's effort and this time he took no chances. Once again he wrote his name on a card, slipped the card in an envelope and delivered the entire product to Forcep Swain. But he was in no gentle humor.

"Does the feller which stold my play ever git found out by me, he's gwine become suddenly ain't."

"Right you is, Phillip. Stealin' another feller's brain chile is wuss'n grabbin' his pocketbook."

"Sho' is. Specially my pocketbook, which ain't got nothin' in it."

Mr. Swain permitted several days to elapse before taking the next step in his campaign against Florian Slappey's health. Toward Mr. Slappey he continued to exhibit a persuasive friendliness; never hinting at the agony he was experiencing over the loss of Gladys Snack.

As for Florian, that gentleman considered Forcep the finest friend ever. Some day Forcep would see the Widow Snack in her true colors—and when that time came Mr. Slappey would explain to a grateful friend just how he had saved him from a ghastly matrimonial blunder.

Dusky Birmingham was keenly interested in—and awed by—the one-act play contest which was drawing to a close. The committee was swamped with manuscripts. They surrounded their activities with darkest secrecy and turned blank, impassive faces to those who questioned eagerly anent the success or failure of their entries.

Here was Culture italicized. And the Birmingham Very Small Theater group showed itself conscious of dramatic effect by announcing that the awards were to be made at the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise following a large toothsome dinner and preceding a nifty dance. The public understood that even the judges would not know the identity of the winner until the very instant that the envelope bearing his name was opened in plain view of everybody.

On the morning of the great day, Forcep Swain played his trump card. He cornered Phillip Jones and blasted him with evil tidings. "Phillip," he said—"Somebody has done you dirt."

"Meanin' which, Forcep?"

"You remember the other mawnin' when you tol' me somebody stold yo' play?"

"Do I remember? Boy! tha's the hardest thing I cain't never forgit."

"Well then—listen heah: Who stold yo' play has copied it over on the typewriter an' submitted it in this contes'!"

Phillip blinked. "My play? The one I written two times with my own hands?"

"Yassuh! Word fo' word. Nothin' changed fum beginnin' to end!"

Phillip's muscles bulged, and Forcep was privileged to gaze upon wrath of epic proportions. Mr. Jones said violent things in a graphic manner. He bellowed and roared and otherwise gave evidence of extreme annoyance.

"Who done this foul deed, Forcep? Gimme the name of the feller!"

Mr. Swain shook his head. "I don't know his name, Phillip, on account it's in the envelope an' all sealed up. But he's Number Eight. We ain't gwine know who he is until tonight when the Laureate gits crowned."

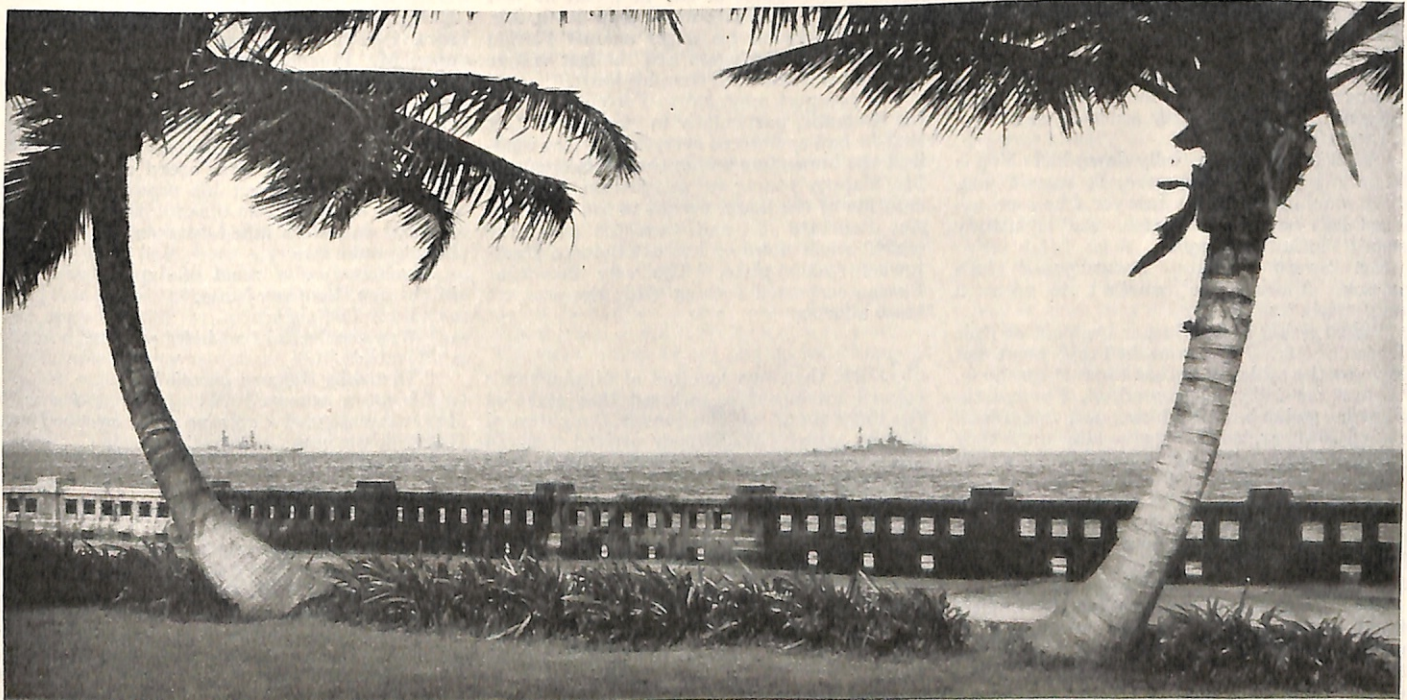
Mr. Jones was considering all aspects of his disaster. "Which's play is gwine win the contes'?"

"Us committee ain't decided yet."

"Well tell me this: Hadn't Number Eight's play been sent in, would I of won?"

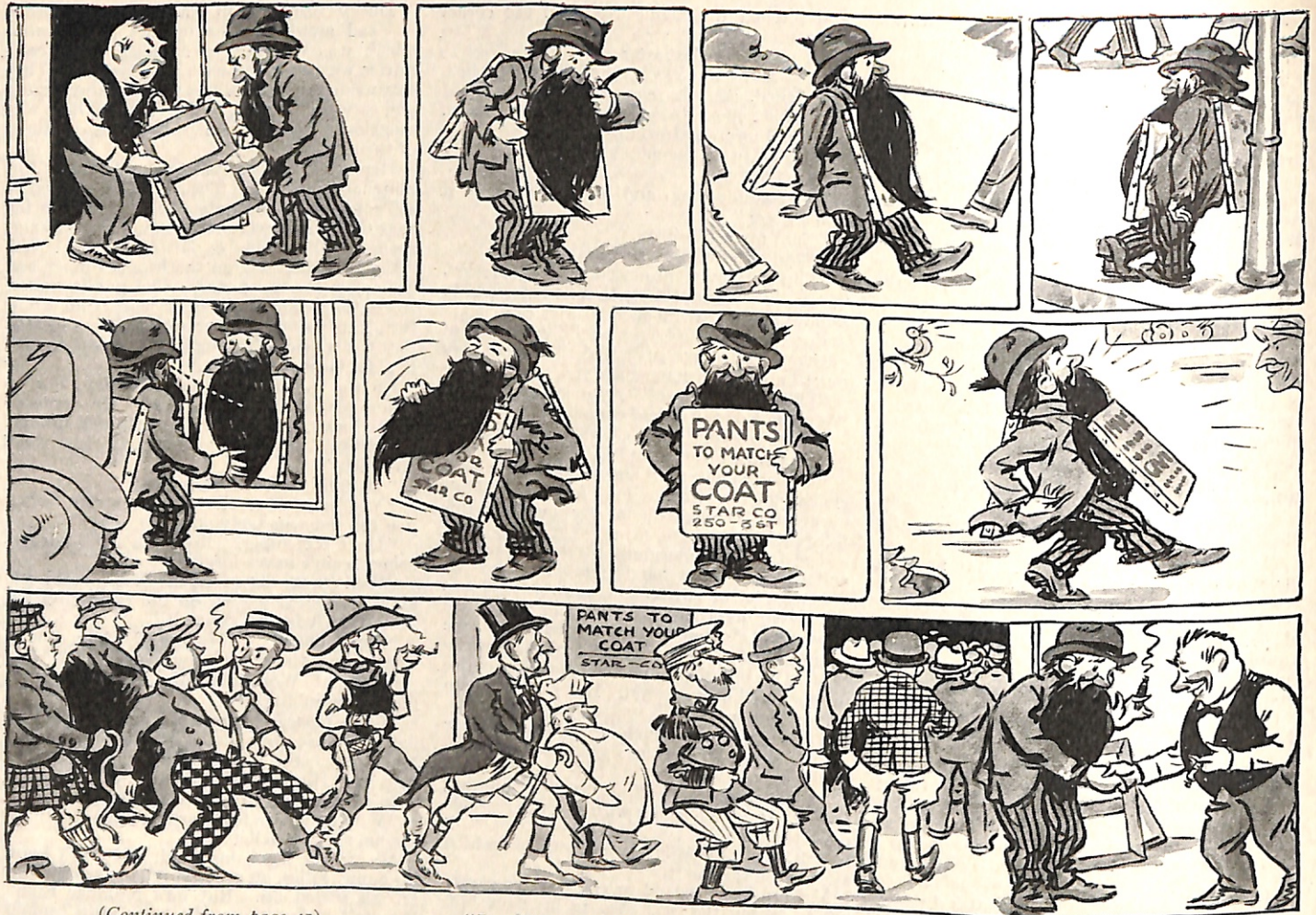
"You sho'ly would."

(Continued on page 42)



CHARLES PHILIPS CUSHING

View from Colon of the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal, with the Fleet at anchor in the background



(Continued from page 41)

"Then this slinkin' slab of sidemeat not on'y stold my play but mos' likely also ruint my chances of bein' One-Act Laureate—is that it?"

"Uh-huh! An' listen, Phillip—I has been thinkin'. You remember that poker party at yo' house?"

"Yeh. Why?"

"Well, di'n't you tell me you had been readin' yo' own play just befo' us arrived?"

"Tha's right, Forcep: I sho' was."

"An the nex mawnin' you found it gone, di'n't you?"

"You speaks correck."

"All right." Forcep spoke with compelling crispness. "That makes me think that somebody at that poker party must of stold yo' lit'rary effort."

"Well I'll be everlastin'ly dawg-bit! You is suttinly right. Lemme see: It wasn't you, an' it couldn't of been Lawyer Chew on account he's on the committee. An' it suttinly wasn't Florian Slappey."

Mr. Swain smiled. Inwardly. "Tha's correck. Florian sho' woul'n't do no such lousy trick."

"Then either it was Jasper De Void or Epic Peters." Mr. Jones smashed his great fist down on the tabletop so that the cottage shook.

"Leave me tell you somethin', Forcep: to-night Ise gwine be at that banquet. Ise comin' loaded fo' bear, an' Ise gwine stay until they pronounce who won that crown. But he ain't never gwine wear it. Believe me, he ain't! 'Cause, Brother Swain, he ain't gwine have no haid to wear it on time I git thoo with him. He's gwine be the most completely massacred feller that the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety ever got a call fo'. I'm tellin' vou."

Mr. Swain shed a crocodile tear. "I cain't say I blame you fo' bein' so rancid. But I sho'ly di'n't think nice fellers like Epic Peters or Jasper De Void would commit anything so awful."

"They's gwine wisht they hadn't!" vowed Phillip. "You keep yo' eye on me tonight!"

"I will," said Forcep. "I promise you I will."

Throughout the balance of the day Mr. Swain sang at his work. He was in a grand humor, for he knew that his scheme was about to succeed with a thoroughness which would almost—but not quite—mend his own broken heart. He thought warmly of Gladys Snack and telephoned her house. She recognized his voice and snapped the receiver back on the hook. Unconscious of the fact that he had been saved from a fate worse than death, Mr. Swain now found his anger against Florian Slappey mounting again and the last vestige of mercy was banished from his heart.

The prospect appealed to Forcep's sense of the dramatic, particularly in view of the fact that he had engineered everything. He visualized the impending scene: the announcement, Mr. Slappey's smug self-satisfaction, the presentation of the laurel wreath to the new One-Act Laureate . . . and then the avalanche which would more or less exterminate Darktown's fashion-plate. The very fact that Florian suspected nothing made the prospect more alluring.

MORE than one hundred of Birmingham's colored intelligentsia gathered that night at the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Mr. Slappey arrived early in formal evening dress, a gardenia in his button-hole and a large red ribbon across the gleaming white front of his shirt. He was affable, friendly and expansive as he circulated among these lesser mortals who had gathered to pay tribute.

Florian observed a lone and awkward figure standing in the far corner. He advanced upon Phillip Jones and extended his hands.

"I sho'ly am happy to see you heah, Phillip. How's tricks?"

"Rotten!"

"Well, you do kind of look like you et the canary. But shuh! This ain't no place to be

grouchy. Us has dissembled fo' a good time an' we oughtn't to have else. Now s'posin' you snap out of it."

Phillip was grateful. "You sho' is one grand feller, Florian Slappey."

"Glad you think so. I always aim to be democratic. You ain't a bad sort yo'self, an' I hate to see you lookin' so mis'able. How about me an' you sittin' together at dinner?"

"Fine, Florian—an' thanks a lot."

At eight o'clock the guests were seated. Everybody of prominence was here—even Mrs. Gladys Snack, who turned a fishy eye upon Mr. Forcep Swain. Mr. Slappey chose a place of prominence, and Phillip sat beside him. They consumed oyster cocktails and cream of tomato soup, and then waiters appeared bearing huge platters of barbecued lamb ribs, chitlins, corn bread and potatoes. Mr. Slappey attacked his repast with gusto and was astounded to observe that even such luscious eatments failed to rescue Phillip from his abysmal misery.

"Somebody sho' must of slapped you right in the eye, Brother Jones."

"Boy! Did they?"

"Was you feelin' bad befo' you lef' home?"

"Terrible."

"Then why did you come?"

"I got a reason." Mr. Jones spoke with bitter intensity. "Ise gwine mess somebody up befo' this evenin' is thoo."

"Who?"

"I dunno who. But he's heah right now."

Florian found the conversation intriguing. "You mean somebody done you dirt which is heah tonight an' you don't know who he is?"

"Tha's prezackly what I mean." Mr. Jones bent the prongs of his fork with one motion of his powerful fingers. "You is my friend, Florian! Does you crave to heah 'bout my trouble?"

"That's the most thing I yearn fo'. Le's have it."

Phillip spoke with deadly earnestness. "When this contes' started, Florian—I written

me a play. It was a swell play, too—an' I thought it was gwine to win. But on' today I learnt that someone stold my play an' entered it as his'n!"

"No!"

"Yeh! They copied it word fo' word, not even changin' the name, an' tha's what I call plumb ornery."

"Ain't you tootin'. Feller, I woul'n't stan' fo' nothin' like that."

"Nor neither I ain't aimin' to. All I know about who stold it is that it was one of the fellers at my poker party—'cause it was taken that night. An' Ise waitin'. Pretty soon Lawyer Chew is gwine make the denouncement, an' when he does I'll find out which feller swiped my play an' then he's gwine git crowned—but not with no laurel."

Mr. Slappey smiled to himself. It was absurd to imagine that Phillip Jones had written a play which was worth stealing.

"I bet yo' play was swell," observed Florian, fishing for details.

"It was. Wonderful!"

"What was it about?"

"Two burglars."

"Two . . ." Mr. Slappey heard his own breath hissing from between his teeth. "What about two burglars, Phillip?"

"Well, I admit it sounds sort of crazy, but it seems these two burglars is bofe daid. An' they is sittin' outside the gates of Heaven cravin' to git in." Mr. Jones shrugged apologetically. "But you ain't intrust', is you, Brother Slappey?"

Florian's eyes were starting from their sockets. Every nerve and muscle in his body was quivering.

"Boy! Ise fascinated. Tell me some mo'."

"Well, these fellers, which their name is Jim an' Bill, don't find nothin' like they want it. They's a heap of soda pop bottles lyin' aroun' which ain't got no pop in 'em, an'—What's the matter, Brother Slappey?"

Florian was rising. His face was ashen. "I—I suddenly ain't feelin' so terrible good, Phillip. Somethin' must of disagreed with me what I et."

Florian lurched from the main hall into the fresh air. His brain was whirling and terror clutched at him with cold, clammy fingers.

Something was desperately wrong. Lord Dunsany was due to be represented once in this contest, but not twice, and Florian could not suspect Phillip of having stolen the missing carbon copy of his own play—for if he had done so, his anger this night would have been less righteous.

Unquestionably Mr. Jones felt that he had been done wrong, and, what was even more disconcerting—he was there for the specific purpose of eliminating the plagiarist. Mr. Slappey moaned. He knew he had to think and think fast.

HE CONSIDERED exodus from Birmingham, but knew he didn't have time. In less than a half hour the table bearing the manuscripts would be wheeled into the room and the announcement would be made. Then his name would be read aloud as the author of *The Solid Gold Gate*—and Mr. Slappey was reluctant to contemplate the awful things which would thereupon happen to him.

Thoughts, ideas, schemes and plans chased each other through Mr. Slappey's tortured brain. Then suddenly his eyes narrowed and his jaw hardened. He made his way through the lobby and opened the door of a small room: the secretary's office.

No person was in that room, but in the very center was a somewhat dilapidated tea wagon piled high with manuscripts.

One-act plays! Not less than one hundred literary strivings. Each playlet had an envelope attached. In each envelope was the name of the person who had authored that particular opus.

Mr. Slappey stepped into the office, closed the door carefully and tiptoed toward the table.

Ten minutes later he emerged from the room. A quick survey indicated that he had been unobserved. He walked through the lobby and thence into the hall.

He took his place at the largest of the tables; far, far away from Mr. Phillip Jones. Mr. Jones caught Florian's eye, massaged his own abdomen, and gestured inquiringly. Florian nodded reassuringly.

And—what was more important—Mr. Slappey smiled.

All through the room was the hum and buzz of polite conversation such as befitted a cultural gathering. On the rostrum at the far end of the hall the members of Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra were taking musical instruments from black cases and preparing to dispense dance music when the more intellectual portion of the evening's entertainment should have been concluded.

At fifteen minutes after nine o'clock two colored gentlemen wheeled into the room the table bearing the manuscripts. Dr. Atcherson made a speech outlining the purpose and rules of the contest. Then he introduced Lawyer Evans Chew.

The portly and ponderous attorney arose, adjusted his horn-rimmed goggles, and repeated—in a veritable flood of adjectives—all that Dr. Atcherson had said.

"An' now," orated Lawyer Chew, "we approach the moment when the name of the winner is to be announced to this assembled multitude; the name of the person who has successfully wooed the Goddess of Literature and been showered with her most lavishest gif's."

"But, Brethren an' Sister'n, I must heah pause to tell you that truth is stranger than fiction—an' I won't mean maybe. In this contes' the long arm of coincidence has reached out and worked a miracle, because, Gemmun an' Ladies, two fellers have submitted plays which are just the same word for word, an' they is bofe the two best which we has had under consideration."

"Who written them plays, we don't know—nor neither we won't until, with consummate skill, I open the envelopes containing their names. And befo' so doing, I got to tell you how we made our choice."

"Folks, there can't be on'y one Laureate in Bummingham, but when two plays ain't even got a diff'ent word in them, a choice ain't simple. Therefore, we has been compelled to split hairs, an' so, folks, us is awarding the One-Act Laureate wreath to the feller which written his play on the typewriter instead of in longhand. There wasn't no other diff'ence, and I am posolute you will agree us has negotiated our way out of a very puzzling situation and nobody won't git sore."

The crowd was breathless. Phillip Jones was sitting on the edge of his chair, great globules of perspiration standing out on his ebony forehead. This was the last and most final blow: to know that his offering had missed out by the mere accident of being written in longhand. Doubly now he yearned to commit homicide. He gave ear again to the orator.

"... the number of the winning manuscript is number eight," proclaimed Lawyer Chew, "an' I will now open it and proclaim his name so that we can join in doing honor to

the One-Act Laureate of Bummingham." He turned to Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. "You got that wreath, Isaac?"

Mr. Gethers produced the laurel from beneath the table. "Crown's ready, Brother Chew. Preceed!"

The erudite attorney tore open the flap of the envelope and extracted a card.

"The name of the winner," he bellowed—"The name of the winner is Forcep Swain!"

Mr. Slappey, watching through narrowed eyes, saw Forcep blanch and duck, and above the thunder of applause he heard a terrible cry; the scream of an outraged gentleman completely obsessed by fury.

Through the crowd which surrounded the amazed victor raged an awe-inspiring figure. Mr. Phillip Jones—victim of an anger of which he had not believed himself capable—tossed spectators aside and plunged toward the cowering figure of Mr. Swain.

Phillip's hand drew back and when it lashed out, it had become a fist. This fist smacked against Forcep's countenance and Mr. Swain went down—being in the process completely covered by the avenging form of Mr. Jones.

As the climax of a literary gathering it was an enormous success. Forcep's shrieks rent the air, bringing only smiles to the face of Mr. Slappey.

IN THE space of two minutes, Phillip inflicted sufficient punishment on the person of Forcep Swain to satisfy even the most bloodthirsty. Then powerful hands tore Phillip away from his victim. They bore Mr. Swain into an ante-room and stretched him on the floor, while Florian Slappey mounted a chair and made a speech.

He announced that the duplicate play had been authored by his friend Phillip Jones—which explained Phillip's fury—and demanded that Mr. Jones be now crowned One-Act Laureate, inasmuch as he felt certain that Forcep would be reluctant to accept that honor under the circumstances.

The committee held a brief session, at the end of which a somewhat battered laurel wreath was placed upon Phillip's brow.

Mr. Slappey was well pleased with himself. He was not the One-Act Laureate of Birmingham, but he was very much alive and he considered that an excellent substitute for the glory which might have been his. In addition, he had won Phillip's undying friendship.

He linked his arm through that of the literary lion and propelled him across the floor as the guests made ready for the dance.

"I knowed it was Forcep all the time," he said.

"You got brains, Brother Slappey. But how did you know?"

"Well," explained Florian, "the minute you tol' me yo' play was stold the night of the poker party, I started figgering. I knowed Epic Peters an' Lawyer Chew an' Jasper De Void didn't do it, 'cause they had all tol' me they didn't have no plays entered in the contes'. An' I knowed I didn't do it. So it was clear as glass that it must of been Forcep."

"That tripe!" growled Phillip. "Le's go find him. I ain't thoo with that gemmun yet."

They reached the tiny room and opened the door. An amazing spectacle greeted them.

On the floor was the prostrate figure of Forcep Swain . . . and he was smiling. Beside him was the angular figure of Mrs. Gladys Snack. She was pillowing Forcep's head against her shoulder and murmuring affectionate words.

Mr. Slappey grabbed Phillip's arm and dragged him out of the room.

"You ain't got no reason to hit Forcep again, Phillip."

"How come I ain't?"

"Because," explained Mr. Slappey triumphantly—"on account of you beating Forcep up, he's going to marry Gladys Snack, and you couldn't git no better revenge than that if you was to wallop him for a month."



New Stores for Old

(Continued from page 21)

produce to choose from. On the other hand, placing the staple groceries and meats, the necessities, at the back of the store makes you walk past the shelves and tables of "fancies" and leads you into temptation, so to speak. For the same reason, the cash register is also located at the rear. Though all your buying at times may be done near the front, you'll follow the clerk back to the cash register. Nobody knows exactly why you do this—whether it's to watch the sale rung up, or to get your change, or what—but store experts know that you do and are taking shrewd advantage of the fact.

The kind of grocery I have just described is no mere figment of my imagination. You can already find stores more or less like it in many towns and cities in various parts of the country. It is an outgrowth of a survey of food stores and their customers made in Louisville, Ky., by the Department of Commerce. On the results of that survey, the department based plans for a model store and then, co-operating with local businessmen, set up the model in a number of cities, with experts in charge to explain its innovations to interested visitors.

Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, told me of scores of instances in which grocers have modernized their stores with amazing results.

"One of the cities in which the model was shown," he said, "was Jacksonville, Fla. Grocers flocked in from miles around to study it and many of them began remodeling as soon as they got home. Among fifty-nine reporting to us shortly afterwards, forty-eight claimed increased sales of from 5 to 65 per cent., with an average increase of 21 per cent. Of the eleven reporting no increase, nine had only slightly changed their stores, because of lack of capital, while two could discover no improvement because they hadn't kept proper records."

"That's fine for the storekeepers," I remarked, "but does it do anything for the poor old consumer?"

"I should say it does," Dr. Klein replied. "Everything that helps the storekeeper sell more goods at a profit helps the consumer. A merchant who's making money can give his customers fresher merchandise, better service and bigger values than the fellow who's hanging on by his eye-teeth. Everything we can do to make the store of the future a success is going to put money into the consumer's pocket, because every time a store fails, it's old John W. Consumer who pays the bills. He doesn't know it, but he pays them just the same. Bankruptcies are costing him about a billion dollars a year, mostly because of bad storekeeping. So you see the closer we can come to making the store of the future failure-proof, the better it will be for everybody."

There's more to tell you about the food store of to-morrow, but I want first to touch on scientific arrangement in other kinds of stores. Of course, that isn't the

only thing which will distinguish to-morrow's stores from to-day's. There'll be other important changes. But most of these will be purely technical, such as new methods of figuring costs and profits—changes that will affect you but that wouldn't particularly interest you unless you happened to be a merchant.

Of recent years no business has changed more rapidly in character than that of the drug store. From being a sedate place which we entered only out of necessity, to have prescriptions filled or to buy medicines and sick-room supplies, it has become a sort of combination of bazaar and lunchroom as well as a pharmacy. Most druggists are still having a hard time trying to figure out what to do about it. Department of Commerce experts, using the drug stores of St. Louis as a testing ground, have recently brought to light facts about customers' habits that point the way to many changes in appearance and arrangement. Already a few druggists have altered their stores to fit these newly discovered facts. I visited one such store which, experts assured me, comes close to being a model of the drug store of to-morrow.

A FEW days before I had talked with a prominent New York architect, one of the foremost authorities on store design. He had said: "The first essential is an exterior that will express the policy and character of the store and urge people to go inside." Well, this exterior certainly does all of that.

It's a corner store, with large entrances on two wide boulevards in a shopping and theatrical district. From whichever direction you approach, it catches your eye. The outside, on both fronts, is so extremely simple that it shines like a good deed in a naughty world. Beneath the windows the masonry is of glass bricks. Above them are similar bricks, with the name of the store in letters of stainless steel. The windows themselves are large and absolutely devoid of stickers, paper pennants, seals or other advertisements. From a car, or from the sidewalk, you can see through them right into the store itself. There are displays

of novelties, perfumes, cosmetics and crude drugs in the windows, but instead of being piled high in front of lurid cardboard backgrounds, as in most stores, they're kept below your eye-level. As you look at them you can't help looking beyond them at the brilliantly lighted interior. At first glance I felt instinctively that anything one might order here, from a sandwich to a prescription, would be of the best.

I WENT inside. On the sidewalk it had been steaming hot. The air in the store was fresh—artificially cooled. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. The proprietor had asked me to come at that off-hour so that he wouldn't be too busy to talk. He took me from one end of the store to the other, pointing out its novel features. As in the model grocery, the shelving and wall cases are all low, and there is only one service counter, near the prescription department at the rear. And the shelves, woodwork, tables, and fixtures and soda fountain are pure white, making the gaily colored packages stand out vividly.

"There isn't a nickel's worth of what you'd call decoration in the whole place," said the druggist. "But did you ever see anything prettier than the spots of color all around the store? It's nothing but merchandise flooded with light. The architect's idea. I couldn't see it at first, but I let him have his way and I'm tickled to death I did. There isn't a day goes by but what folks tell us this is the prettiest store they were ever in."

The scheme agreed exactly with what the architect I'd consulted had told me when I asked him what the store of the future would look like. "I can't tell you that," he had said. "There are too many kinds and every business has needs peculiarly its own. But what we're constantly aiming at in store design is to give shoppers an interesting show. There's no more interesting show to most people, especially women, than fine displays of merchandise. I don't care whether it's Paris gowns or enamel dishpans. Properly staged, the humblest kitchen knives will make folks stop, look and buy. Proper staging simply means cutting out all distracting scenery and gewgaws and focusing attention on the main show, the goods that the customers have come to see."

My druggist pointed to his shelves. "Everything here," he said, "has been arranged so we can get you what you want in a matter of seconds. You know, when you go into a drug store you always have a definite reason. You don't just wander in to look around, as you sometimes do in department stores. If you're hungry or thirsty, there's the fountain, with one end near the front door and the other near the side door. Easy to get to and easy to leave and easy to see from the outside. If it's a prescription you're after, or a tube of tooth-paste, you can get it without having to brush past the fountain customers. Our entrances and aisles are wide enough so you can

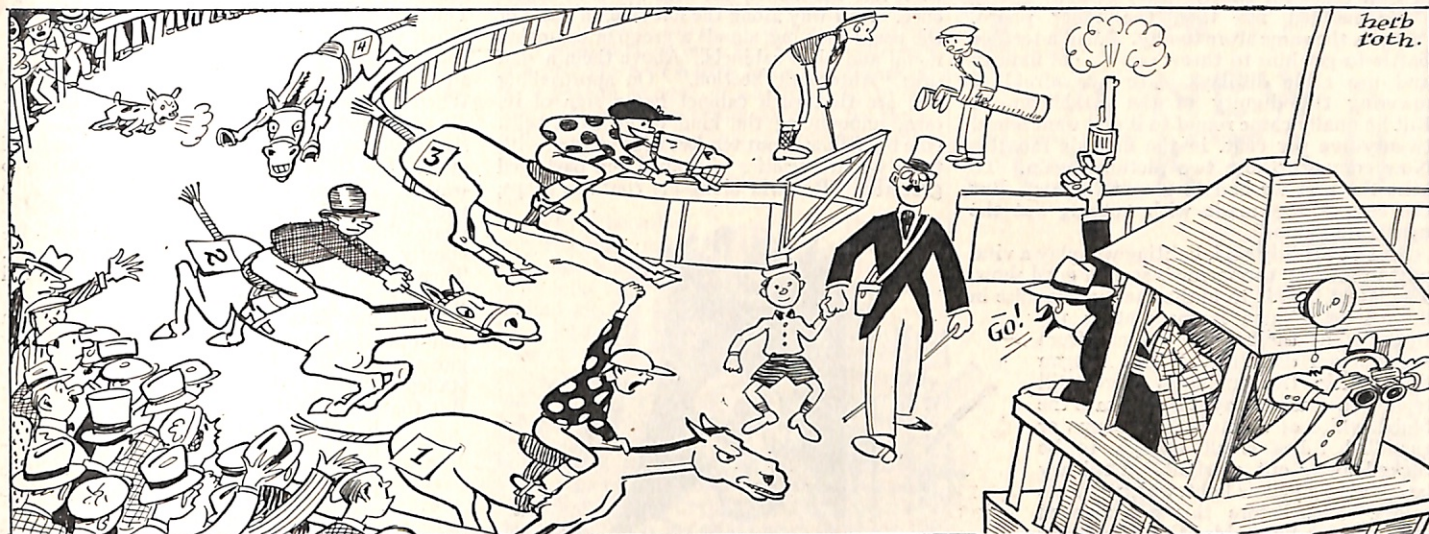


COURTESY OF THE MAINE DEVELOPMENT CO.

A scene on Merrymeeting Bay, Maine. Hunters waiting for a flight of ducks

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 53)



walk to any department without running into a traffic jam."

I indicated some open tables—like the island displays in the model grocery. They were filled with a miscellany of articles from seventy-five-cent novels to pink and blue plush dogs. "You also make it easy for people to get what they didn't come in for," I remarked.

He smiled. "Certainly. We're trying to build up impulse sales, as most storekeepers will some day. But it's a question how far we can go along that line. You see, this drug business is a queer proposition. Folks don't act the same in here as they do in a grocery, for instance. When a woman goes to a food market she usually buys six things. I mean that's her average order and it has an average value of \$1.23 or thereabouts. But when she comes in here—do you know how many things the average drug store customer buys at one time? Just one, that's all.

"Not more than one person out of eight coming into this store buys more than one article at a dip, that is, counting a fountain order as one article. And those who do buy more than one seldom buy more than two. Our average sale, per customer, is only 30 cents, lumping all departments. The average fountain sale is only nineteen cents. So you can understand why we have to get a lot of customers into the store and be able to serve 'em pronto.

"TAKE the fountain, for instance. That's the first stopping place for most people who come in, men or women. We do a rushing business there at lunch time, toward the late afternoon and again at night, when the picture shows let out. Now you'd naturally think having so many people coming in would boost sales in our other departments to beat the band. You'd kind of expect that, wouldn't you?"

I nodded.

"Well—it doesn't. Folks come in for a drink and a bite to eat—and go right out again. That is, the majority do. A few of the men may buy cigars or cigarettes on their way out, and a few of the women will buy candy. But they'll hardly ever buy anything else, like medicines, or toilet goods, after visiting the fountain. Before I found out from that Commerce Department survey that the same thing's true in pretty nearly all downtown drug stores, I did my darndest to make 'em buy other things. I don't any more. We've put the candy and tobacco, things they will buy occasionally, up at the cashier's desk near the fountain and let it go at that."

We were interrupted for a few moments by the entrance of an elderly man whom the pro-

prietor served in person. While waiting, I wandered back to the prescription department. It's quite different from any I'd seen before. Instead of being hidden behind a mysterious partition, it's right out in the open. No need to guess whether it's clean and efficiently operated. From its snowy white work tables to the neat rows of labelled jars and bottles, polished scales and other apparatus, the department speaks for itself.

"The idea is to give you confidence," said the druggist, rejoining me. "When you have a prescription to be filled you want to feel it'll be compounded exactly the way the doctor wrote it. We want prescription business. There's profit in it, for one thing. And in the second place it leads to sales of other goods. Folks have time to kill while their orders are being filled and they use it to buy other things that they need, or maybe some things they don't need, like those plush pups. That's why our novelty tables are on the road to this department instead of being near the fountain."

We talked about other phases of the drug store business and its changes, such as the differences in customer habits in varying locations, but the points covered scarcely belong in this article. As I was leaving, however, he said something I'm going to pass along to you for what it may be worth as a bit of business philosophy.

"Did you ever," he asked me, "read a poem that ran: 'Only the game fish swims upstream'? The idea was that a fellow who didn't buck the current wasn't of much account. I thought it was pretty good when I read it. I was swimming upstream myself then—trying to run my business to suit my own notions. It made me kid myself that I was a game fish. Well—I'll tell you something. I've learned better lately. I'm swimming with the current—running my store to suit the public. You go faster and you get more water to swim in all the time. I've found out that a business man who tries to swim upstream isn't a game fish at all. He's just a sucker."

In contrast to food, drug, hardware and small department stores in general, there's another kind so up-to-the-minute in arrangement that it's really a store of the future operating today. I refer to the variety stores, commonly known as five-and-tens, though many sell things priced up to a dollar and more. The next time you go into one of them notice that every way you turn your eye is caught by open displays. From stockings to screwdrivers and from tableware to nail polish, every product on sale—with one exception—is set right out so as to lure you into picking it up and buying it. That's why it's very seldom you

come out of a five-and-ten without having bought several things you hadn't intended to get when you went in.

The one thing you won't find out in the open is loose candy. That's sold from glass counter cases, for sanitary reasons. But here's a point which you can easily check up on, illustrating the development of scientific arrangement to the nth degree. You'll find the candy counter just inside the front doors, usually on your right as you go out, but always up front. Why? Because it's been proved that candy is the last thing you think of, or at any rate the last thing you buy, in that kind of store.

YOU start in by getting the compact (I'm assuming you're a woman, of course), the cold cream and washcloths you went there for. Then you circulate around, picking up a nest of ash trays here, a new egg-beater there, half a dozen hand towels (to-day's special) further on, and maybe some writing paper or a new kind of trick pencil for Junior. By this time you've circled the store—and there's the brilliantly lighted candy department staring you in the face. You hesitate and look in your handbag. There's some change left from your other purchases. Your mouth begins to water. Down goes your change for a pound of chocolate peppermint patties and you're on your way rejoicing. That's how it works. The variety men have studied you and they know.

They give everything in the store a definite place, a definite amount of counter space. They keep track of your fads and fancies and changing tastes. Other kinds of stores are beginning to take a leaf from the five-and-ten book. It'll make them better places to trade in.

A store engineer, whose job it is to help people open new stores and remodel out-of-date ones, showed me two photos of a dry-goods store in a Pennsylvania town. One had been taken at the time of his first visit; the other about a year later.

"The proprietor of this store," he said, "wondered why his business was slipping. Right in this first picture I can show you a dozen things that would explain it. But we'll take just one typical example. See that row of shelving barricaded behind the counter there, with piles of boxes side by side all along each shelf? That was his hosiery department. About 180 feet of shelves devoted to hosiery in boxes. Five times more than the size of his store justified. He was a stickler for cleanliness. There wasn't a speck of dust anywhere. But when we opened the boxes to see what was in 'em we found stockings so old they came apart in our hands. When we moved the

(Continued on page 46)

(Continued from page 45)

counters we found sales slips underneath dating back to 1902. Nothing had been moved in that place for nearly thirty years."

He handed me then the other photo. "Here's the same store to-day. I had a terrible battle to get him to throw out his old fixtures and use table displays. He was afraid of lowering the dignity of the establishment. But he finally came round to it and went ahead twenty-five per cent. in the first six months. Now compare those two pictures again. To take the first we had to use flashlights. But the second was made with nothing but the new store lights."

As I've already said, lighting will play a vital part in making to-morrow's store a good show. The latest idea is to bathe the merchandise in light from hidden lamps, just as the stage of a theater is lighted from sources you don't see. When I began this article the engineers were still trying to find a way to duplicate the bluish-white of daylight with lamps or gas-filled tubes small enough to be tucked away out of sight. Ordinary lamps give a yellow light, which distorts colors. But before this was finished news came by cable that Professor Georges Claude, famous French scientist, has actually solved the problem. According to the report he has perfected a tiny gas-filled tube producing the long-sought bluish-white light of day. Which means that in to-morrow's store you'll see everything in its true colors, so that when you buy a dress, or a suit, late on a winter afternoon, you won't find, on examining it next morning, that it's a horse of a different hue from what you'd expected.

HOW about that picture of the clerkless store, full of big brothers of the penny-in-the-slot gum machines? Shall we ever shop in such places and, if so, will the store clerk become extinct, like the dinosaur? The answer is that maybe we will do some of our shopping in entirely automatic stores—there's a small one operating in England now, selling tobacco and cigarettes—but the clerk will go on living and selling, nevertheless. I say this confidently because I defy any inventor to turn out a machine that'll fit me with a pair of shoes, or a suit, or a hat, or any other thing that I am stubborn enough to like to argue about. If we do buy from machines, in the near future, the chances are it will be in regular stores that have installed them in some departments as time and labor-savers.

For instance, as this is written, a big New York store is contemplating the installation of machines for the sale of notions. Papers of pins and spools of thread are necessary, but salespeople's salaries take all the profit out of them. The store once tried a self-service plan, on the honor system, but soon abandoned it because too many customers were without honor. They'd slip the tiny packages of needles and tape and what not into their handbags and walk off without paying for them. It would certainly seem that automatic machines should be a decided help in that situation, not only by cutting the store's losses, but by enabling customers to serve themselves without waste of time.

I have talked with a number of makers of new types of merchandising machines. Their arguments in favor of the robots sound reasonable enough. "When you go to a store to get something you know you want," they argue, "what's the sense of taking up a clerk's time selling it to you, or taking up your own time waiting for a clerk?" Or again: "When you can't make up your mind and you don't want to be hurried, machines would serve you with the patience of Job." There are plenty of arguments and plenty of machines ready and waiting for storekeepers to take the plunge. Let's imagine that business has picked up

and that some storekeepers have taken the plunge.

Picture a large food market, arranged somewhat like the model, but with one chief difference. Half-way along the left side, in place of the usual shelving, stands a group of enameled metal and glass cabinets. Above them a sign says "Automatic Section." On approaching you see that each cabinet has a sign of its own, announcing the kind of goods it sells. One big fellow about ten feet wide is fitted with twenty-four varieties of canned and packaged groceries. Its twin alongside contains soaps,



Facing the music

scouring powders and the like. Further on are two slightly different machines: one selling fresh breads and rolls, the other cakes and cookies. Next come a few smaller machines: a round one with a big glass dome, filled with apples and oranges; an oblong one with matches and four kinds of cigarettes; a waist-high pedestal type, with a glass top displaying packages of paper napkins and paper cups.

You turn to the grocery machine for a can of soup and a package of rice. Like the bread machine, it has tiers of cubbyholes, each tier labeled with the brand name and price of the product inside. You put a dime in the slot at the bottom of the soup tier. A vertical steel slide drops, opening one cubbyhole. There's your soup and with it two pennies in change. You get the rice the same way. It takes but a few seconds. You decide to buy a sponge cake. Into the right slot of the automatic bakeshop goes your quarter. The glass outer door springs open and a glass slide drops, uncovering your cake.

Just as you are leaving you suddenly remember a doubtful dime someone palmed off on you the day before and which you haven't had the nerve to hand to anybody else. This seems like a good chance to get rid of it. You glance about furtively, then, feeling mean but triumphant, you slip it quickly into the paper napkin machine. But your triumph is short-lived. For the machine not only refuses to work, but keeps your spurious coin. All the new machines, with superhuman sensitiveness, test coins for size, weight, and metallic content, and sidetrack the bad ones, removing them from circulation.

Putting your purchases in a bag, of which there's a supply at hand, you walk up the street, turning in at a drug store for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. The fountain is jammed. But over to one side is an automatic luncheonette, with tables near by. There are four

machines: one selling six kinds of sandwiches, the second six kinds of pie, the third hot dogs and the fourth hot coffee. The first two are similar to those you've just used in the grocery. The hot dog machine is more complicated. When you put in your coin a dog obediently detaches itself from the pack and lies down on an electrically heated griddle to be toasted. When it's done, a gadget scoops it off the griddle and tucks it into a hot waiting roll. You see it all happen, for the machine is made of glass. The coffee machine is also fascinating to watch. The moment your nickel tinkles into the slot a little round holder in front disappears—like a cuckoo into a clock—and instantly reappears bearing a clean paper cup. Then right before your eyes the cup is filled with steaming coffee. . . .

These machines exist right now. I've seen and operated them. They work. And my guess is that if and when they're actually installed in stores they ought to be popular. But that's only my guess. Maybe you won't like them. And if you don't—that'll be the end of robot salesmen, for another few years, except for little things like candy bars and cigarettes and other casual purchases.

I tracked down the prophetic picture, mentioned earlier in this article, that had shown a future grocery as a place of soft rugs and shaded lamps. The trail led me to the offices of a great food manufacturing company, where I interviewed one of the chief executives.

"We don't think that picture's far-fetched," he said, in answer to my question, "in fact, from our point of view, it's quite conservative. Modern life's geared up for speed and it's not likely to be slower in the future. The housewife wants to do her marketing in a rush and prepare meals with as little time and effort as possible. We manufacturers began meeting that demand long ago by putting up our foods in handy packages and containers. Now we're working constantly to create new products and new forms for old products, all with the idea of saving the housewife still more time and effort. These products will influence people's buying habits and bring about sweeping changes in store appearance and methods."

As striking examples of old products in new forms, he cited the quick-frozen meats, sea foods, fruits and vegetables that have been on sale in growing numbers of New England stores during the past three years. The quick-freezing process has already been described in many magazines, but in case the details have slipped your mind I'll outline it briefly.

STEAKS, fish, fresh green peas, sun-ripe raspberries—to name but four out of scores of products—are prepared for immediate use. That is, the steaks are cut and trimmed of excess fat and bone; the fish is skinned, boned and filleted; the peas are shelled and the raspberries cleaned. Then each product is placed in a neat pasteboard box, sealed in moisture-proof cellophane—and frozen right in the packages. Frozen at such intense cold, fifty degrees below zero, that in a few minutes their contents are hard as granite. The freezing is so rapid that destructive ice crystals, which in slow freezing would break down the delicate tissues of the foods, allowing their juices to escape, do not have time to form. Result: the steak or fish, peas or raspberries, when thawed out, a month or a year later, are as fresh and full of flavor as the day they were frozen.

Suppose you want a steak and some peas. In the ordinary way you'd have to inspect two or three cuts of beef, pick out the pieces that looked best and then wait while the butcher cut and trimmed and weighed it. And as for the peas, you'd have to guess whether they were fresh, take a chance on

some pods being half-empty and then spend half an hour shelling them. But the quick-frozen way you buy from samples shown in an illuminated refrigerating case. Each product is guaranteed to be of standard quality. The storekeeper merely hands you two small oblong packages that feel like icy bricks. You've nothing to do when you get home but open them and cook their contents.

"With its meat, fish, vegetables and fruit in packages, and all its other merchandise in canned or packaged form," said the food man, "why shouldn't the store of the future have rugs on the floor? There'll be no more need for sawdust or bare boards. And since you'll no longer feel it necessary personally to inspect the meats and vegetables you're going to buy, why shouldn't there be comfortable chairs, and tables for you to sit at, while the clerk takes your order? There's no reason on earth why a food store in future shouldn't be just as attractive and artistic as—well, as a Fifth Avenue gown shop.

"From now on," he continued, "scientific research will have an enormous influence on to-morrow's store. For example—there's a new kind of can being developed. A transparent can! Can't you visualize at once what a difference that'll make? Think of the grocer's shelves—no more rows of labels. Instead, rows of tomatoes and beans and corn, with light playing on them so you can tell exactly what kinds of tomatoes and beans and corn they are. Think how much more appealing they'll look than the ordinary tin cans do. And think of the questions you won't have to ask. 'Are these whole tomatoes? Is this asparagus really green? How big are these lima beans?' You'll be able to see those things for yourself. When the transparent can arrives—and we think that will be soon, though the details are being kept secret—it will surely change people's habits in buying canned foods and force stores to display them in new and different ways.

"New methods of packing and transportation will put all sorts of things into stores, things that up to now people have only been able to get by visiting the places that grow them. One such process is called a gas pack. It's being used for nuts and fruits that formerly

were considered too perishable to ship. The air is exhausted from the containers and tasteless, non-poisonous gases are pumped in. Germ and insect life, which used to cause decay, is instantly killed. Cashew nuts—those little semi-circular ones like part of the loop of a pretzel—were hardly known in this country a year or so ago. It was too risky to ship them. Now they're coming over by the thousands of pounds and people all over the country are buying them."

Here's another angle this same man brought out:

"Why," he asked, "should food stores sell only raw materials? Lots of people like to eat at home, but don't like to cook. More and more folks are living in small apartments with limited kitchen facilities. Millions of women have jobs outside the home. Why shouldn't food stores sell ready-cooked dinners, kept hot in vacuum containers? In New York, Washington and a few other cities you can get hot food delivered from central kitchens. But retail stores haven't entered the field yet. We believe they will some day. It's a logical development of the time-saving idea. The point is: we're all prone to think that because stores do certain things in certain ways those are the only ways possible. But the food store of the future's going to be radically different from that of the present. And I don't mean fifty years from now, but five or ten."

NEEDING some tobacco this morning, I drove over to Will Burns' cross-roads store. I thought he might like to hear some of the things I'd learned about the store of the future. I found him on a ladder trying to reach a bottle of pain-killer for an old customer. Behind the counter stood his ancient tea and coffee bins, back in their accustomed places.

"You didn't take them out, after all," I observed, pointing with the stem of my pipe.

"Well," he drawled, "I did take 'em out. But it didn't seem like the same old place without them bins. So I put 'em back, see?"

I took my tobacco and drove home. Somehow it didn't seem to me that old Will would have been interested in the things I'd been going to tell him.

Why College?

(Continued from page 10)

practically every college. They put things at their correct importance.

Johnny Smith cannot make the Eta Beta Pi fraternity, at college. The sons of richer men ignore him. The fun goes to the lads with big monthly allowances. Nobody seems to like Johnny Smith. So he kills himself. It is as pathetic as it is silly.

If Johnny were at work somewhere, he might grouch at the slowness of his promotion or he might get mad and do extra work for that promotion. But he would not be idiot enough to kill himself. He would have gleaned too sane and too normal an idea of life in the workaday world which strips things of their false values.

The news has recorded case after case, too, of girl or boy students who committed suicide because they could not or would not keep up with their classes and who feared lifelong disgrace for failing to graduate on time.

Business annals don't contain such dozens of instances, of office boys or girl stenographers who commit self-murder because they have not advanced rapidly, or are discharged. Once more you have the difference between everyday sanity and a realm of asinine false valuation.

In business the newcomer who is a glutton for work is respected; and he or she catches the attention of the boss. In college, the girl or boy who devotes every waking minute to study—which is the sole overt object of a student's presence there—is often laughed at

as a "greasy grind" or as a "poler" or whatever the local terms happen to be; and is the unlikely butt of more popular and less industrious students.

Truly, a grand prelude to actual work-life; and a fine example for those who could otherwise and elsewhere learn early habits of diligence!

There are arguments—many and spacious—for a classical education. I have heard them all. I agree with none of them. Neither, I think, will you; if you'll use your own powers of logic; instead of traditional hearsay. I shall cite a few of the strongest:

First, it is claimed that students gain Contacts which are of vast use to them in later life. As far as I can figure it out, "Contacts" is a polite word for "Toadyism." One curries favor with a richer boy or with a boy whose social background is assured. Thereby, perhaps, when one gets out of college one can wriggle into better society or can win a job with one's chum's influential father.

I would rather have a boy of mine earn a living by cleaning cesspools than to get ahead in the world through such lickspittle methods. It would be a tenfold less filthy job. Moreover, I never yet knew a man or woman who rose to solid success by Contacts. Work and ability are the only things which can lift a toiler to any foursquare pedestal of eminence.

If you doubt that, glance over the list of youthful bond salesmen who established

(Continued on page 48)

THE THRILL OF A NEW COCKTAIL



Your first sip of Cranberry Cocktail is a delightful experience. The sweet-tart flavor of the berry reaches its peak in liquid form. The consistency is smooth. The color is deep ruby!

Serve Cranberry Cocktails whenever the occasion calls for cool, refreshing drinks. Here's the tested recipe—

4 cups Eatmor Cranberries, 4 cups water, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar. Cook cranberries in water 5 minutes . . . strain through cheesecloth . . . bring juice to boil . . . add sugar . . . cook until it boils 2 minutes. Serve cold. For future use put in sterilized bottles, well corked and sealed.

For large quantity use:
20 lbs. cranberries 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. sugar
5 gallons water Cook as above

We will gladly mail to you free our new Eatmor Cranberry recipe book.

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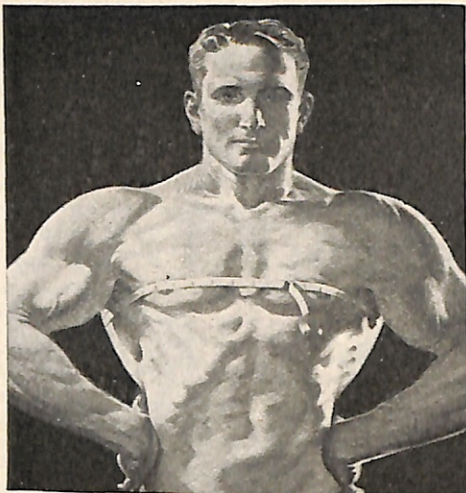
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See Important Notice to all Elks—Page 28



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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. How did we acquire Alaska?
2. Who directs Marlene Dietrich's pictures?
3. What was Stonewall Jackson's true name?
4. Who is manager of the Brooklyn baseball club?
5. Who was President Coolidge's Secretary of Commerce?
6. What is the name of the Mills Brothers' radio signature song?
7. How long does it take a tadpole to become a full-grown bull-frog?
8. Who is Governor-General of the Philippines?
9. Is Lionel Barrymore married?
10. Of what country is Bangkok the capital?
11. Where is Lindbergh's plane, "Spirit of St. Louis", now?
12. What chemicals does sugar contain?



The answers appear on page 56

(Continued from page 47)

contacts in college and who got jobs with their friends' fathers at peddling bonds whose very nature and potential values they did not know. Today, some of them are waiters in hash-houses. Others of them are pleading vainly for something to do, in a world which demands a genuine knowledge of work. So much for the Contacts which college can give.

Again, we are told that a college course teaches young people to use their brains and to do more careful thinking; and that thus its studies fit them for life. Would not they gain immeasurably more of those desirable traits if they were to spend four years in practical work which had a direct bearing on their futures? It seems so to me. For instance:

During the World War the training camps did not instruct recruits in bayonet charges by equipping them with wands or umbrellas with which to learn the maneuvers. Pop-guns were not supplied to them for target practice.

No, they were given the shotted and bayoneted rifle wherewith to learn shooting and bayonet drill. Why not apply the same starkly commonsense rule to education?

We are told that college life is a miniature world in itself and that it teaches a democracy and a community spirit of its own. I don't

believe it. In an ideal democracy there is no snobbery which forces its weak victims to suicide. As to college being a miniature world, why not let students learn their world-lessons in the vitally real world, instead of in a faulty miniature imitation?

So much for the chief arguments for a Classical Education; and the true refutations—which I have expressed so clumsily—to such arguments.

Shall we trace this Classical Education fetish to its source? I have been at some pains to do so. My findings may interest you. Here goes:

Back in the Middle Ages such education was built up and codified at Oxford, at Cambridge, at the Sorbonne, at Heidelberg, and at a few other culture spots. It was not designed to fit its pupils for the workaday world or to better their chances of earning a living. Indeed, it was not intended for youths who had their way to make.

Its aim was to give accomplishments and an added polish to noblemen's sons (who were not supposed to earn their own livelihood) and to serve as training schools for future scholars and churchmen who sought to gain deep and impractical erudition.

Even then it was something wherewith to

impress those who did not have it. The illiterate public gazed in gaping reverence at the "learned clerks" who could read Latin—or who could read at all. The noble who could use the quill pen and inkhorn for the sending of messages was regarded as someone higher and better than his unlettered subordinates.

Polish and loftily impractical learning—these were the chief lessons taught by Classical Education, in early days. And, as time went on, more and more people sought to rise to such rarified mental heights by going to college. In the passing of the centuries the fad grew into a fetish—almost into a religion.

But the successive centuries of instructors were too lazy or too stupid or too hidebound to keep their Classical Education studies abreast of the fast-changing times. The nobleman and the learned clerk had had their heyday. Now dawned the era of the Man in the Street; the folk like you and myself.

One would have thought that the lines of classical study would have been shifted, to keep pace with the moving world. But they were not. Smugly they kept on, as in the sixteenth century. Smugly or blindly, they keep on, to-day, in almost precisely the same grooves.

Thus, at an American college, the present-day boy, who will have to hustle for a living, must study the same Greek and Latin and Logic and Philosophy and Literature and Higher Mathematics and the rest of the medieval drivel; as the budding monk or the young French noble studied four hundred years ago.

He weights himself down with sixteenth-century armor to run a twentieth-century business marathon.

The course is practically unchanged. The mental fodder which was fed to princelings and to doctors of literature in the time of King Henry Sixth, of England is still doled out to future business and professional men in the United States. These latter are forced to swallow it. Some of them like it. (It is a gorgeous excuse for four years of semi-loafing!) But what mental or moral or spiritual strength do they get out of such moldy and non-nutritious food?

In other words, what does Youth gain when

it gains such an education? And what does Youth lose when it misses such an education? So far as my own experience and observation teach me, the answer to both questions is: "Nothing!"

I think mothers, still more than fathers, yearn to secure for their children everything that is best and highest in life. I think mothers, still more than fathers, grieve keenly when they can not give these children all that is best and highest in life.

So it is of mothers, even more than of fathers, that I am thinking as I write this. Mothers who have set their hearts on their boys, and girls, going to college; and who are miserable when they cannot compass their unselfish longing.

Of old, many of them compassed it by stinting themselves of comforts and necessities. They made these beautiful sacrifices right gladly. For were not their children thereby to become college graduates? And was not that the climax of every young life?

In these hungry days of 1932 the hope for college has perforce been given up or postponed in many thousand homes. Many thousand mothers are sore at heart because of it. I wish, most earnestly, I might make these selfless women see how ridiculously little their boy or girl is losing. If I have failed to do so, the fault has been with my lack of power to express my meaning; not with the truths I have set forth.

Mother, your boy must go to work, this autumn, instead of lounging through a college course. Instead of grieving, be thankful that he has gained this four-year flying start over the boy next door—the boy who is going to cram his brain with a batch of useless stuff, while your son is building himself up in the practical things which make for business success and for self-reliant manliness and for good citizenship.

The one flaw in Classical Education at college is that it does not educate.

A non-vocational college course, grafted on a boy who will have to make a living in business, is like the old craftsman trick of engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin: it wastes a good prayer and it wastes a good pin.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

Lodge, No. 410; Donald R. Mihills, of Fond du Lac Lodge, No. 57; J. R. Jones, Jr., of Racine Lodge, No. 252; and Harry A. Kiefer, of Wausau Lodge, No. 248. The delegates decided to hold the Association convention next year at Milwaukee, a short time before the Grand Lodge Convention there. Final events of this year's gathering were the street parade and band and drum and bugle corps contests. In the first of these, the Band of Green Bay Lodge No. 250 won first prize and the Kiel City Band second. The second competition resulted in a victory for the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Fon du Lac Post of the American Legion, with the Sheboygan Boy Scouts Drum Corps next in order.

Illinois

CONSIDERATION of crippled children was a prominent part of the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association, held recently at Aurora, under the auspices of Aurora Lodge, No. 705. Upon the first of the three days of the gathering, a clinic was arranged for the children at the Lodge Home. At the first business session, too, the surgeon in charge of the clinic, Dr. Henry Bascom Thomas, addressed the delegates. Again, the following morning, the report submitted to the Association by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman of the organization's Crippled Children's Committee, was given uncommonly close attention. The first business session of the convention, at which Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nelson H. Millard presided, opened

with the invocation, pronounced by Past President Henry C. Warner. Welcoming addresses by Mayor Bjorseth, read by John Hunt in the Mayor's absence; and by Exalted Ruler Alan Erlenborn; Dr. Thomas's speech and demonstration; and a response to the courteous greetings of the city and the Lodge by retiring President J. C. Dallenbach, were the principal features of the meeting. At the one which followed, the next morning, committee reports were read, memorial services were held for the late George W. Hasselman, Past Secretary of the Association; and cups for excellence in ritualistic work were presented to the degree teams of three Lodges. The representatives of Aurora Lodge received a trophy emblematic of the State championship; and prizes of like nature were given to the teams of Dixon Lodge, No. 770, and Kewanee Lodge, No. 724, for District championships. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Millard officiated in the awards. The principal business transacted at the final session, upon the last day of the convention, was the election of officers. Dr. J. F. Mohan, of Pontiac Lodge, No. 1019, was chosen President; Roy S. Preston, of Pekin Lodge, No. 1271, First Vice-President; Marx M. Harder, of Rock Island Lodge, No. 080, Second Vice-President; Carl N. Hardy, of Murphysboro Lodge, No. 572, Third Vice-President; Nelson H. Millard, of Aurora Lodge, Secretary; and William Fritz, of Peoria Lodge, No. 20, Treasurer. Trustees named were E. M. McQuillen, of Elmhurst Lodge, No. 1531, for the Northeast District; D. M. Lotts, of

(Continued on page 50)

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See Important Notice to all Elks—Page 28

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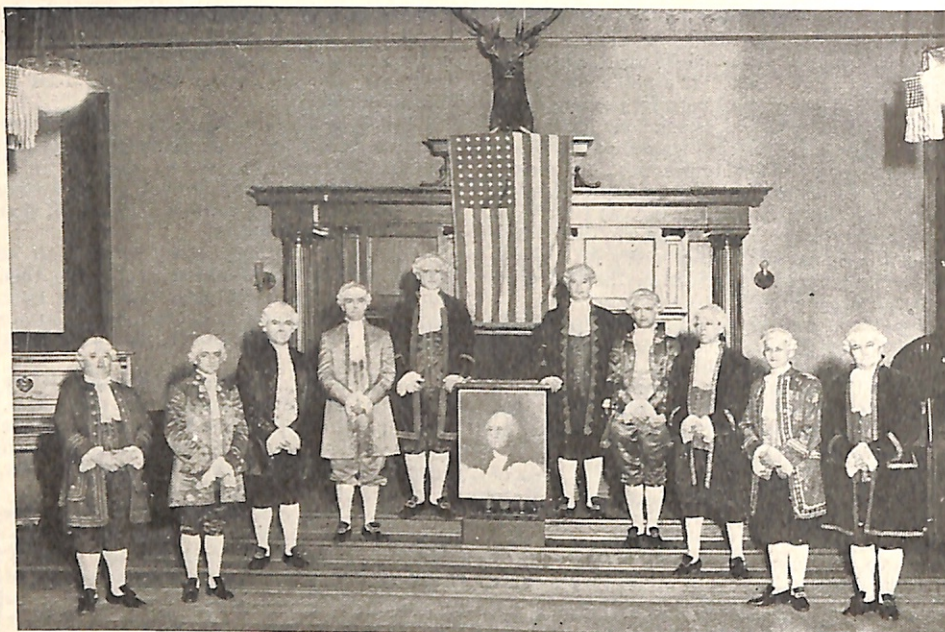
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See Important Notice to all Elks—Page 28



Officers of Keokuk, Ia., Lodge, in the Revolutionary costumes they wore when the Lodge's George Washington Prosperity class was initiated

(Continued from page 49)

Mendota Lodge, No. 1212, for the Northwest District; H. H. Whittemore, of Kankakee Lodge, No. 627, for the East Central District; John W. Yantis, of Pana Lodge, No. 1261, for the Southwest District; Roy S. Huffman, of Carbondale Lodge, No. 1243, for the Southern District; and C. M. Hesslin, of Mt. Carmel Lodge, No. 715, for the Southeast District. The convention had the honor and pleasure of entertaining, in the course of its duration, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. At the Lodge Home, upon the initial evening of the gathering, the chief executive of the Order was guest of honor at a banquet tendered by the officers of the Association and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges which are members of it. He spoke at both the banquet and at the public opening ceremonies which ensued. Prominent among those who heard him were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell, Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. F. Wendel, E. E. Fell, E. M. McQuillen, Miles S. Gilbert, B. L. Compton and Denham Harney; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. Perry Huston, William M. Fraser, John W. Yantis, Marx M. Harder, John A. Thiel, William J. Savage, Fred A. Perkins, Nelson H. Millard and O. F. Davenport; and President Dallenbach. The convention parade, which occurred upon the afternoon of the second day, proved a spectacular event. One thousand marchers were in line, their groups interspersed with a number of bands and drum corps. Prizes awarded for excellence in the parade were presented later to Elmhurst Lodge, No. 1531, for its Band; to La Salle Lodge, No. 584, for making the best appearance in the procession (the trophy was donated by the Knights of Columbus); and to Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295, for having the largest delegation coming from the greatest distance. This prize was the gift of the Lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose. In the drum and bugle corps contest, the unit of the American Legion of Joliet won first place; that of St. Charles second; and the combined units of the posts of Batavia and Geneva took third honors. At the conclusion of the parade the Elks gathered at the Wabousie Golf Course for a picnic.

Oregon

THE fifteenth annual convention of the Oregon State Elks Association was held recently at Seaside, Oregon. Inasmuch as there is no Lodge at Seaside, the convention

was sponsored by the Association and the arrangements were in charge of A. W. Jones, its Secretary. Astoria Lodge, No. 180, as the Lodge nearest the scene, acted as host on the opening night of the assembly at a special meeting and entertainment for the visitors. Features of the evening were a dinner served outdoors; and a bathing beauty contest. The Antlers Band of Portland Lodge, No. 142, was the official musical unit for the convention. It consists of fifty boys under the direction of George Lederer, of Portland Lodge. Its playing attracted large crowds on every appearance and was an outstanding feature of the convention. At the final business session the following officers were elected: President, T. E. J. Duffy, of Bend Lodge, No. 1371; First Vice-President, A. C. Van Nuys, of Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413; Second Vice-President, B. C. Lamb, Jr., of Tillamook Lodge, No. 1437; Third Vice-President, H. B. Holdman, of Pendleton Lodge, No. 288; Secretary, A. W. Jones, of Salem Lodge, No. 336; Treasurer, H. L. Toney, of McMinnville Lodge, No. 1283; Trustees, J. L. Tucker, of Astoria Lodge, No. 180; Perry O. DeLap, of Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247; and E. H. Jones, of Baker Lodge, No. 338. The selection of next year's meeting place was left to the officers. President Duffy announced the following appointments: Sergeant-at-Arms, S. C. Friendly, Portland Lodge; Tiler, M. A. Lucas, Baker Lodge; Chaplain, P. K. Hammond, Ashland Lodge, No. 944.

Ohio

THE chief executives of both the State and the Order attended recently the thirty-fourth annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association, held at Cedar Point for a period of five days. Governor George White was the principal speaker at the opening exercises of the assembly. Two days later Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson was welcomed by the Association and twice addressed its members. The ceremonies marking formally the beginning of the convention took place at the Hotel Breakers, with State Conservation Commissioner W. H. Reinhart, Past President of the Association, in charge. Before the Governor spoke, Mayor Ernie Siggins, of Sandusky, greeted the visitors in cordial fashion; and Ernst Von Bargen, retiring President, responded for the Association. Vocal and orchestral music added to the pleasure of the occasion. Upon the day of the initial business session, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived at Cedar Point. After an impressive welcome, he attended a luncheon

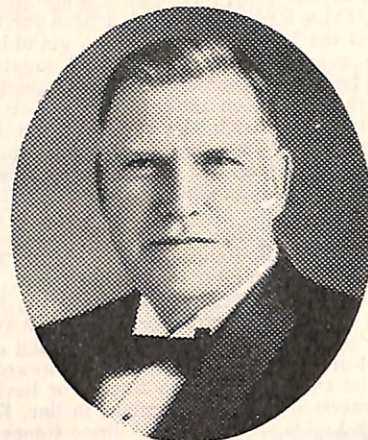
meeting of the officers of the State Association and delegates to the convention. His speech was enthusiastically received. Among the many distinguished Elks present at the affair were James S. Richardson, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; and Edward J. McCormick, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. In the evening, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson spoke again, at a banquet given in his honor by the Past Exalted Rulers of Ohio. His second message of the day was greeted by no less heartiness of response than had been the first. At the concluding business session of the convention, officers for the coming year were chosen. Those elected were Norman C. Parr, of New Philadelphia Lodge, No. 510, President; William F. Bruning, of Cleveland Lodge, No. 18, First Vice-President; J. F. Fussinger, of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, Second Vice-President; Charles A. Booth, of Canton Lodge, No. 68, Third Vice-President; and, by reelection, Harry D. Hale, of Newark Lodge, No. 301, Secretary; and William Petri, of Cincinnati Lodge, Treasurer. Upon his election to the post of First Vice-President, Mr. Bruning resigned his chairmanship of the Board of Trustees of the Association. To fill this office, the delegates chose Charles W. Casselman, of Alliance Lodge, No. 467; and they elected also as Trustee, Fred L. Bohn, of Zanesville Lodge, No. 114. The term of the third Trustee, William G. Campbell, of Lorain Lodge, No. 1301, is as yet unexpired. Cedar Point was fixed as the place for the Association to meet next year. At a dinner dance in the evening following the elections, the new officers were introduced to the assemblage of more than a thousand that was gathered to take part in the festivity. This affair was but one of a series of many enjoyable social events. Others of note were a family picnic, held a few days earlier; and a golf tournament, in which over a hundred players competed. The parade upon the final day was of the striking character associated with the yearly meeting of the Elks of Ohio. Features of the procession, besides the marching units representing subordinate Lodges, were the Band of Warren Lodge, No. 223; the Lorain Ladies' Drill Team, and the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps of Elyria. While the parade was in motion, airplanes of the Ohio National Guard flew overhead. Prizes awarded for excellence in the procession were won by Elyria Lodge, No. 465, and Lorain Lodge, which tied for first place in the contest for the best appearing unit; by Lorain Lodge for having the greatest number of marchers in line; and by Cincinnati Lodge, for having the greatest number represented in proportion to distance traveled to the convention. The parade proved a brilliantly fitting climax to this year's meeting of Ohio Elks.

Pennsylvania

GRAND EXALTED RULER FLOYD E. THOMPSON and Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Charles H. Grakelow and Lawrence H. Rupp were notable Elks to attend the public opening ceremonies of the twenty-sixth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association a short time ago. The assembly took place at Greensburg, with the Lodge of that city, No. 511, acting as host to the Association. Distinguished official representatives at the exercises were General Edward Martin, Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania; and Mayor Harry N. Yont, of Greensburg. After a program of speaking, during which all of these guests spoke, a reception was given at the Lodge Home in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and of M. F. Horne, retiring President of the Association. Business sessions were called both in the morning and the afternoon of the following day. In the interval between them, Mr. Thompson was the guest at luncheon of the officers of the Association and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges represented at Greensburg. After this he conferred informally and for a short period with his hosts upon matters relating to the welfare of the Order in the State. At the formal meeting in the forenoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, addressed the delegates. In the afternoon, when the session was resumed in the Crystal Room of the Penn Albert Hotel, the election of officers took place. Those chosen were the following: President, James B. Sleeman, of Huntington Lodge, No. 976; Vice-President, D. J. Miller, of Reading Lodge, No. 115; Treasurer, Henry W. Gough, of Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12; and Secretary, for the eighteenth consecutive term, W. S. Gould, of Scranton Lodge, No. 123. R. C. Robinson, of Wilkesburg Lodge, No. 577, was named Trustee for five years. Members of the Board of Trustees whose terms are not yet expired are Harvey O. Ritter, of Allentown Lodge, No. 130; Lloyd W. Fahler, of Mahanoy City Lodge, No. 695; Matthew A. Riley, of Ellwood City Lodge, No. 1356; and J. Roy Cherry, of Williamsport Lodge, No. 173. With adjournment of the session at which these officers and trustees were chosen, the formal concerns of the convention came to a close. They were supplanted by a long and enjoyable series of entertainments and unofficial events, with the convention parade upon the final day supplying a stirring and colorful climax. Upon the second day of the Association's assembly, a luncheon was given for the ladies at the Pike Run Country Club, followed by an afternoon

(Continued on page 52)

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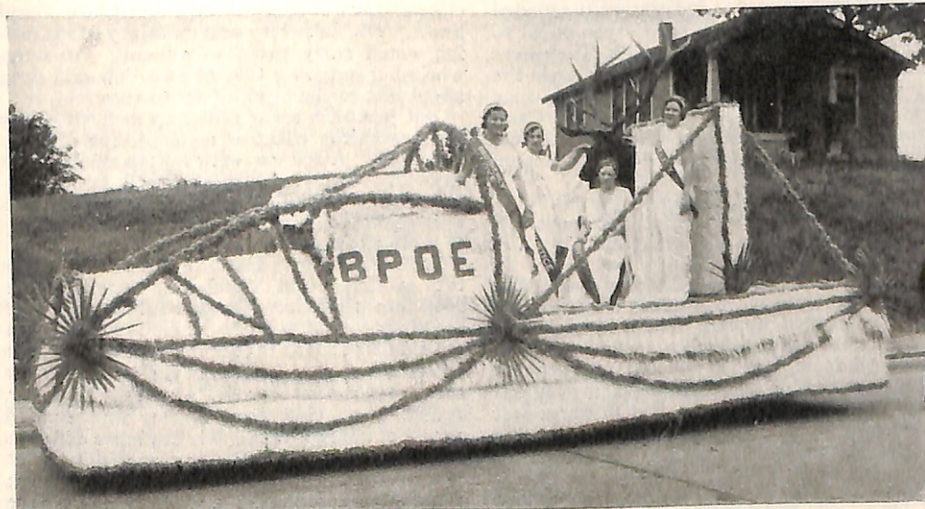
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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 28



The float representing Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge in the parade during the centennial celebration of the establishment of Hot Springs National Park

(Continued from page 51)

affair for them at the Rolling Rock Country Club. While they were thus diverted, Elks free of official responsibilities engaged in competition in the golf tournament and trapshoot. The evening was given over to a dance upon the roof of the Penn Albert Hotel. Incidents of the third day were a stage picnic at Mt. Odin Park, a bridge luncheon for the ladies at the Fort Ligonier Hotel; a grand ball in the evening at the hotel; and amateur boxing bouts at Athletic Park. Upon the last day of the convention, the entire city of Greensburg, including both the residents and the visitors, turned its attention to the parade. By common agreement, all business houses closed their doors at one o'clock so that their employees might see the spectacle. The streets were festooned with bunting, sidewalks crowded with thousands of spectators. The procession took an hour and a half to pass. In addition to the delegations of twenty-five Lodges in it, there were seventeen drum-and-bugle corps, eight bands, nine floats, and one five-and-drum corps. Prizes were awarded after the event to units in line. For having the greatest number of marchers in line, Kittanning Lodge, No. 203, was first; Connellsville Lodge, No. 503, second; New Kensington Lodge, No. 512, third; and Altoona Lodge, No. 102, and Apollo Lodge, No. 386, were tied for fourth. For best appearance, Kittanning Lodge was adjudged first, Connellsville Lodge, second, McKeesport Lodge, No. 136, third, and the combined units of Monessen Lodge, No. 773, and Charleroi Lodge, No. 494, fourth. In the competition among drum and bugle corps, the representatives of Latrobe Lodge were given the award for first honors by the judges in charge. The Ninety-ninth Division Band of New Kensington was victorious in the Band Contest, with the Leechburg Firemen second, Johnstown Lodge, No. 175, third, and Connellsville Lodge, fourth. Erie Lodge, No. 67, won the Drill Team Contest; New Kensington Lodge was second, Uniontown Lodge, No. 370, third; Latrobe Lodge, No. 907, fourth; and Kittanning Lodge fifth. After the parade, many of those who had witnessed it, attended a rodeo, a stirring exhibition of horsemanship, by the Pennsylvania State Police.

Maryland, Delaware, and District of Columbia

Delegates to the annual convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, held recently at Wilmington, Delaware, under the auspices of Lodge No. 307, chose, as officers of the organization for the year to come, Alfred W. Gaver, of Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, President; Lawrence E. Enson, of Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469, First Vice-President; Charles P. Boyer, of Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044, Second Vice-President; Louis N. Frank, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, Third Vice-President; Paul I. Payne, of Frederick Lodge, Secretary; Charles R. Klosterman, of Baltimore Lodge, Treasurer; and, as Trustees, the following: John E. Lynch, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15; John J. Powel, of Wilmington Lodge; Benjamin Michaelson, of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622; J. Morris Guider, of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378; Lloyd L. Shaffer, of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63; and James P. Swing, of Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272. Interest in the official affairs of the Association was equalled by that in the many social activities which enlivened the gathering. Of especial note among these were a dance, upon the first evening, aboard the steamship *Brandywine*, at which the members of Wilmington Lodge were hosts; and theatre parties for the ladies and a smoker at the Home for Elks upon the evening thereafter.

West Virginia

IN the interest of economy, the convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association this year will be confined to a single day. The meeting usually extends over three days, but in consideration of existing financial conditions, the officers and trustees of the Association decided not long ago that the expenses for such a period might prove a strain upon many of the members. The date of the convention has been fixed for October 7, and the place, the Home of Elkins Lodge, No. 1135. Such members of the Association as wish to spend additional time in Elkins may join in the activities of the Annual Forest Festival of the city. This event, which will

take place on October 6, 7 and 8, offers many of the attractions usually associated with Elks conventions. The citizens of Elkins have issued a hearty invitation to the Elks to join with them in the festivities.

Alabama

ALTHOUGH the next convention of the Alabama State Elks Association will not take place until May, 1933, Ben Mendelsohn, President of the organization, has already taken steps to stimulate such a high degree of interest in the event among the Lodges of the State as to assure its being the most successful on record. The convention will be held in Mobile. In a recent letter sent to every Lodge in Alabama, Mr. Mendelsohn urges the formation immediately of an "On to Mobile Committee" in the Lodge to organize representations for 1933. Mobile Lodge, No. 108, host to the meeting, and Selma Lodge, No. 167, are the two latest Lodges to affiliate with the Association.

California

TRUSTEES of the California State Elks Association met recently at the Home of San Jose Lodge, No. 522, to complete plans for the coming annual Association convention. This will be held October 13, 14 and 15 at San Jose. According to the outline of arrangements, this yearly gathering promises to excel any of the previous ones, successful though they have invariably been. San Jose Lodge, in sponsoring the meeting, will have the full and hearty cooperation of the city's Merchants Association and Chamber of Commerce. An outstanding feature of the convention will be the address of Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, at the final session.

Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places and on the dates named below:

California, at San José, October 13-14-15.
Missouri, at St. Louis, October 3-4.
Nevada, at Reno, October 17-18-19.
Vermont, at Brattleboro, October 2.
West Virginia, at Elkins, October 7.

By What Strange Road

(Continued from page 24)

Clark had noticed nothing. He was telling a servant what to bring them to drink. Wasn't it there, then, that resemblance that rang through the cool, quiet morning like the clangor of a bell? Possibly—he gripped the arms of his chair and tightened his grip on himself—possibly not. Possibly the resemblance was not so much to him as to the Morehouse men as a class. If his father, grandfather and brother could have lined up there beside him, the resemblance would have leaped at Clark as it did at him; but they were all long since dead. Sweat broke out on his forehead and his mouth was dry; but he forced out words.

"Odd, don't you think, our remembering each other after nineteen years?"

He was aware that his son liked him even before he spoke; but that mouth and smile liked easily, and those eyes were interested in most things.

"Well," the boy said, "it was a pretty important occasion for both of you."

He took an apple from a pyramid of fruit on a little table and bit into it with strong white teeth. He stood as straight as a shaft of light, a little water still dripping from him, wholly unconscious of his nudity. It was cold there in the shade, but the golden brown body seemed stored with sunshine and unaware. Looking down at Morehouse, he offered him the friendly immediacy of his smile.

"I wonder how we'd have got along," he said in a tone that showed how little he was

wondering just then about anything, "if I had got swapped. I'm sorry about your son, sir."

Morehouse let his eyes go deep into him, and found nothing. As unaware and unmoved as the liveried servant who brought varicolored liquids on a tray and went away again.

"Father," he said, and the word sounded strangely in Morehouse's ears—"you ought to have seen Mr. Campion and Bill. They were out in the canoe together, Mr. Campion in the stern and Bill in the bow. When they came back to the dock, Bill got out and Mr. Campion—his laugh had a charming minor thrust in it back toward childhood—"Mr. Campion sank!"

"Campion," Clark explained, "is fat."

"Fat?" said Walter. "He's enormous! If you could have seen him going down!" The laughter bubbled out of him.

Morehouse drank something in a tall thin glass. The three of them talked on. His very smile came back to him. The timber of Walter's voice was intolerably familiar. There were glints in him of his mother's peculiar charm, that Morehouse had thought dead out of the world forever. To find it warm and living still almost undid him.

But there wasn't a touch of recognition, of suspicion of the truth; nothing but the sort of response to be expected from a chance-met intelligent stranger who shared one's tastes and enjoyed discussion.

He sat there numb and shaken—as far from

his son as he had been at that other meeting when his baby's unfocused eyes had seen him and all other people only as great vague shapes between it and the light.

But a man's son was his own as nothing else on earth. He made a supreme effort and came closer. He would speak out, and Clark would know. The authority and certainty of his feeling would carry proof to anyone. An overwhelming outgoing tide of affection and need swept him to the brink of declaration.

But just then a car rolled up in front of the house with the effect of an explosion of color and noise. A red car with its top down, filled to overflowing with boys and girls in bathing-suits, with brilliant beach robes and blazers over them, laughing and talking and hallooing to Walter to come and play water polo.

Walter went out and brought them in. As they swirled round Morehouse he felt himself drop into perspective against a bent and gray and shabby man, with his lunch over there on a chair under his hat that had a hole in it; a man behind whom you inferred at a glance the worn old shoe-box-shaped room at Mrs. Appleby's; amidst these glamorous figures who seemed almost of another race. His boy's life here was all of a piece. There was no place in it for his own kind of thing. He had nothing to give him but pain and confusion, even if he could have proved anything. There was only the one thing he could do for him, and he did it: He took his little package of lunch and went away. . . .

Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 45)

1. Dogs are not allowed on the track during a race.
2. Horse No. 4 has no jockey.
3. Race horses don't carry their numbers on their rumps.
4. Jockey No. 2 wears a derby hat.
5. Horse No. 3 is running with all four legs forward.
6. Horse No. 1 has no bridle.
7. Jockey No. 1 has his boots on backward.
8. They don't play golf on a race track.
9. Visitors are not allowed to cross the track while a race is on.
10. Horse races are not started with a pistol shot.
11. Judges don't start horse races.
12. One of the judges is looking the wrong way.

It was only after the train had begun to move that his mounting sense of injustice broke suddenly into a sort of fountain of anger. He sat rigid and unseeing while it raged within him. A man of singular self-control (he had had to be to survive), he hated for the first time in many years. He hated Clark with an intensity that might have sent him back to the quiet, beautiful house if he could have got out of the train. The blundering, stupid, officious fool had taken out of his own life the seeds of abnormality and death and with coarse triumphant fingers thrust them into *his*! Or was it possible that he had not been stupid, but—Morehouse's hands clutched the sides of his seat and his heart stood still—but shrewd and deliberate? And then the fantastic notion passed, he saw Clark's kindly, handsome face again, and his seizure was over. He closed his eyes and lay back limp and weary in his seat. . . .

His neat shoe-box-shaped room, when he got there, received him blankly. His books—flotsam from the wreckage of his old life, or cheap editions picked up for a few cents each from secondhand stores, lining the place from floor to ceiling—stared at him, mere slabs of paper and cloth and glue. It was so quiet that he could hear the chirping of sparrows and the footfalls of people in the street three stories below. A taxi rolling silently over the asphalt clanked the tops of four man-holes, two close together and two farther apart. The Metropolitan chimed dropped their clear notes like soft bombs that exploded inside of him, and then thrust his day's experiences firmly into the past with the strong striking of the hour. . . .

CLARK had taken his address and said they'd ask him to come again; but he wouldn't go. It was all cleanly over now and his second son was dead to him. He sank into a chair and let his head rest against the back of it and his hands in his lap. His defenses down, devoid of any will to build them up again, he thought of death as of a bed into which he would some day be allowed to climb at last and sleep. . . .

When Clark came he found him standing before his table with three photographs spread out on it in a row. Visitors were not announced at Mrs. Appleby's. When he heard Clark's knock he thought it was the overworked maid's who brought him clean towels on Sundays at any hour when she could get around to it.

"Come in," he said absently, and turned only when Clark was in the room.

He grew white at sight of him and a little giddy. His hands trembled. He waited without speaking. The place seemed to shrink and grow shabbier with Clark's presence.

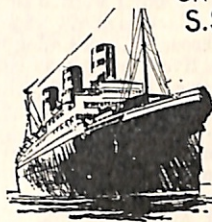
(Continued on page 54)

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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 28

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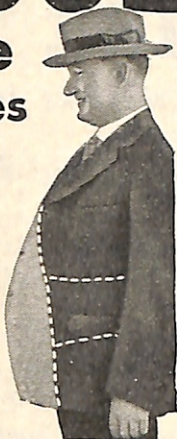
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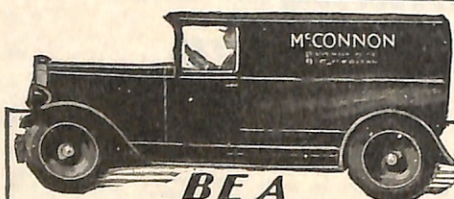
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See Important Notice to all Elks—Page 28

(Continued from page 53)

Clark said with grave kindness, out of an enormous sureness of the impossibility of such a thing: "You thought he was your son, didn't you?"

"Yes," Morehouse said.

He motioned towards a chair and dropped into another. Clark sat down slowly, with gentleness, consideration, regret in every line of him—and that great calm sureness. Why, Morehouse thought, did they have to sit here and deal each other pain? Why couldn't this strong, full-blooded symbol of success have been kinder yet and stayed away?

"I saw that you did, but I wanted to think things over before I talked to you." A note of deep concern ran through Clark's tone like a channel through its river, but it was entirely concern for Morehouse. "Under the circumstances—if you will forgive me for saying so—it was almost unavoidable that a man in your position should have felt as you did. But resemblances are often accidental, you know, and feelings—"

He stopped, and Morehouse said slowly, "—are often self-induced. But it was not only his resemblance to me—he has his mother's voice—and manner. Many of his gestures—"

"But you must see," Clark said, "that that too might be imaginary."

Morehouse shook his head.

"It is unmistakable."

"But not—not proof—to anyone but you."

Morehouse seemed to go a long way off and look at the other man from there.

"No," he said quietly, "I have no proof."

A certain tension in Clark's big frame eased off visibly. He looked his gratitude for this reasonableness and the quick termination of a painful scene. He was at a loss for something to say.

"I thought that perhaps these"—Morehouse took the photographs from the table and held them out—"might be proof; they are my brother and father and grandfather; but the resemblance is less strong than I expected." And then, to close things: "We have done what we could for one another's sons—you far more for mine than I could have done; and it is better for him, of course, that I couldn't find any proof. I have nothing to bring him."

But Clark was staring at the photographs, his brows knit, his forehead wet with new-sprung sweat. There was a long, tense moment while he stared and stared. A moment that drained his great confidence out of him. He gathered the photographs into one hand and pointed with a finger that shook.

"Two of these mustaches—" he said in a dry, uncertain voice. "That little circular twist—like a snail's shell—in the middle of one side—When Walter raised one last summer on vacation, it—it had it, too. Have you a picture of—the other boy?"

Morehouse got it.

Clark looked at it and rose quickly. He walked up and down, trying to get hold of himself.

He stopped and said, "It is like my wife," and then began to walk again.

Morehouse sat quite still, while the books, the table, Clark, the shoe-box-shaped room went slowly round and round.

Clark sat down, his eyes fixed inward, the corners of his mouth grim and tight, his forehead heavily wrinkled with thought. Morehouse waited until two taxis had clanked the tops of the four man-holes down below, and then said, trying to hold his voice steady:

"It doesn't matter who begot him or who bore him, you've had him every day of his life, and loved him, and raised him, and nothing must affect you—your relationship."

"No," Clark said. "Nothing could."

He leaned forward with sudden earnestness, his voice and eyes and attitude sharpened to one of intensity.

"It matters that I destroyed your life!" he said. "It matters that you want to be near your son. If I don't do what I can to make it up to you, I sha'n't—sha'n't be able to live with myself! Nobody could pay the kind of debt I owe you, but good God, man, don't you see that I've got to try? Listen. You'd be coming back to him by a strange road, but you'd bring him what he needs most. There's none of what you've got in me. You would enrich his life. Will you come and try it for a while? Try living with us?"

"Living with you?" Morehouse said confusedly. "I could scarcely—"

"Do you distrust me?"

"Just because you are a human being. Just as I distrust myself. I distrust the situation. It would be intensely difficult to—"

"Exactly. We both know it. Aren't we wise enough—?"

"I don't know. There are so many things—"

"I am lonely," Clark said, "for a contemporary. I live surrounded by too much youth. We might become"—there was no mistaking the honesty of his appeal—"friends, you know. Won't you try it, Morehouse?"

"What," Morehouse said shakily, "would it do to the boy?"

"What you'd wish it to," Clark said. "Come and see."



Part of the gathering at the Home of DeKalb, Ill., Lodge, upon the occasion of its first "Fathers' and Sons' Night," an occasion which proved an immense success



The ball celebrating the opening of the new Lodge room of Helena, Mont., Lodge. In the first row, from left to right, are State Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. Callaway; State Supreme Court Justice and Mrs. A. J. Galen; Governor J. E. Erickson and Mrs. Erickson; and former Governor S. V. Stewart, and Mrs. Stewart

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

they had been conveyed in automobiles back to their own city. At the park, through the courtesy of its manager, Fred H. Ponty, a member of Port Chester Lodge, No. 863, all the resources for amusement were offered free of charge to the children. All expenses of the outing were defrayed by a group of ladies associated with the Lodge. They, for several months before, had been holding a series of card parties for the express purpose of providing for the Children's Day.

Charity Picnic of Peru, Ind., Lodge Is Great Success

Both from the standpoint of the number of those who attended and from their manifestation of enjoyment of the occasion, the recent Charity Picnic given by Peru, Ind., Lodge, No. 365, proved a pronounced success. Those who participated in the festivities remarked both

(Continued on page 56)

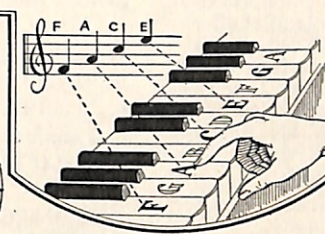
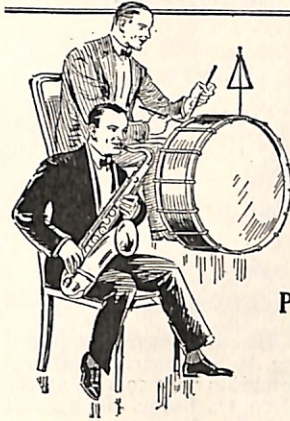
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"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started."

Ethel Harnishfeger,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

(Continued from page 55)
during and after them that the affair was in every way memorable.

Des Moines, Ia., Lodge to Honor Member Who Heads Shrine

In honor of the recent election of one of its veteran members, Earl Mills, to the office of Imperial Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America, Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, is arranging a celebration, to take place some time in October. Upon this occasion, the Lodge will hold open house for both Elks and Shriners in the community.

Brazilian Olympic Stars Greet Long Beach, Calif., Elks

Officers and other members of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, were welcomed during the course of the recent Olympic Games aboard the steamship *Itaquice*, the vessel which brought the athletes of Brazil to Los Angeles. Joe Felis, manager of the rowing delegation from the South American republic, accompanied the visitors aboard and introduced them to the athletes and ship's officers.

Secretaries of Lodges Are Warned Against St. Petersburg, Fla., Man

Upon the plea that his wife is ill, and that he requires money to travel to another city where a job awaits him, Harry W. Nickerson, formerly a member of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, has, according to information recently received, been obtaining loans from Secretaries of subordinate Lodges in many and widely separated States. Exalted Ruler S. Henry Harris and Secretary Walter H. Donovan, in a letter written to THE ELKS MAGAZINE a short time ago, urge that no Secretary of a subordinate Lodge heed Mr. Nickerson's request. He is, declare the authors of the communication, no longer a member of St. Petersburg Lodge but was dropped from its

Answers to the Monthly Dozen

(See page 48)

1. By purchase from Russia.
2. Josef Von Sternberg.
3. Thomas Jonathan Jackson.
4. Max Carey.
5. Herbert Hoover.
6. "Bye, Bye, Blues."
7. About two years.
8. Theodore Roosevelt.
9. Yes; to Irene Fenwick.
10. Siam.
11. In the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.
12. Carbon, hydrogen and oxygen.

rolls last March. He carries membership card No. 2251, expiring April 1, 1931. Latest reports of his importunities have come from the Secretaries of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, and Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269.

Newburgh, N. Y., Elk Seeking Motorist Who Defrauded Him

John J. Hoffman, a member of Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, and proprietor of an automobile repair shop in Washingtonville, is seeking information concerning a man who a short time ago borrowed a sum of money from him upon false pretenses. The man, according to Mr. Hoffman, was one of two who drove up one day in a Packard car bearing license No. 60-715, Baltimore, Md. He was dressed in a light-colored suit, and appeared about 5 feet 11 inches tall, and to weigh about 175 pounds. He represented himself as a member of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, but did not present a card, saying that he did not have it with him. He asked, Mr. Hoffman understood him to say,

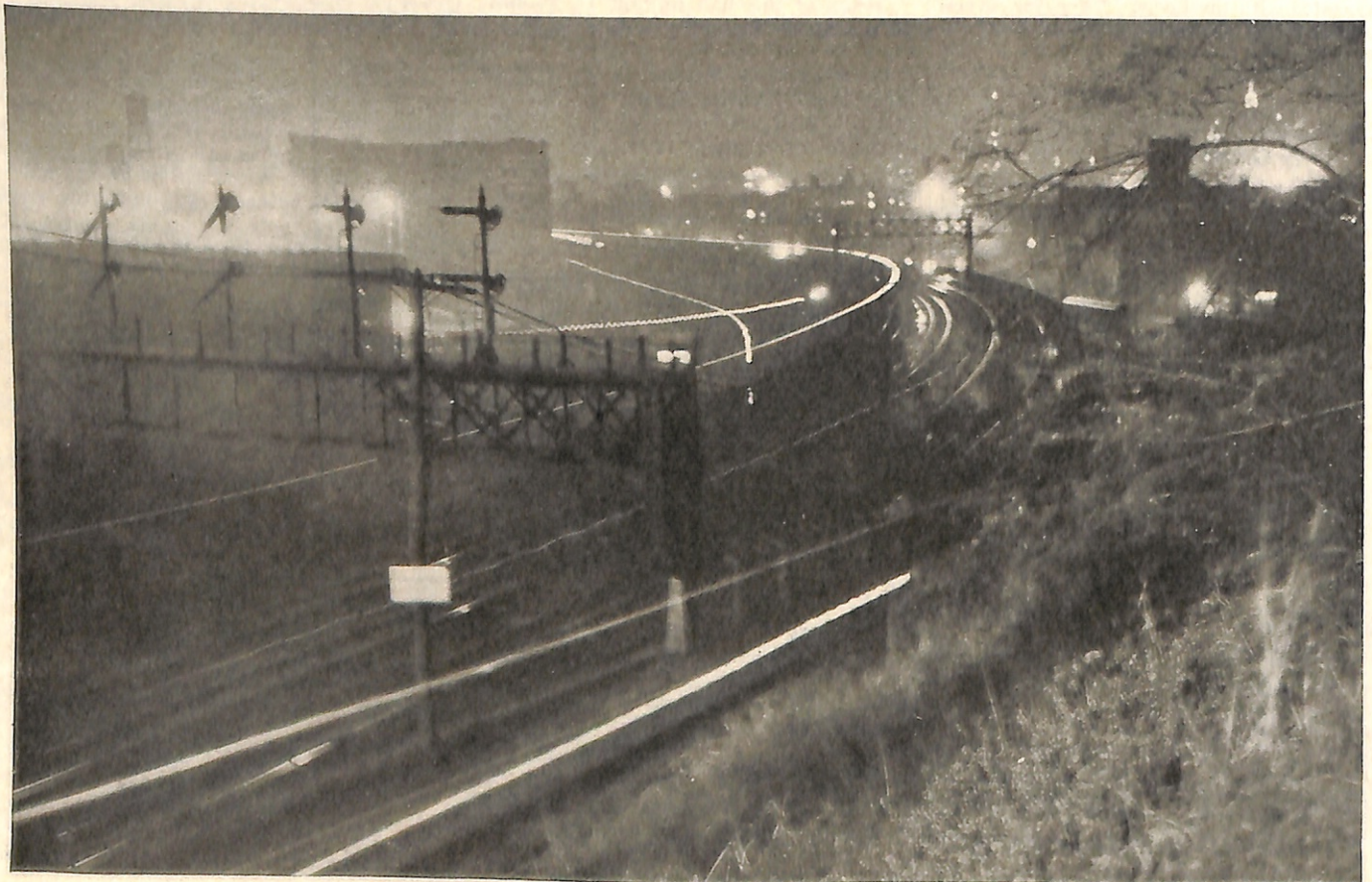
for \$35. But when this sum was offered him, he said it was only \$30 he needed, and returned \$5 change. This reassured Mr. Hoffman of his honesty. But since then nothing has been heard of him. Inquiries of Albany Lodge and of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, have disclosed that the man is a member of neither. The automobile license is registered as that of Wilber King, 525 West Monument Street, Baltimore; but registered letters addressed to him have been returned with the report that no one of that name lives at the address. Mr. Hoffman believes the registration to be false; and he requests that any member of the Order who may have information which will assist him in tracing the man communicate with him at Box 177, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Warning Issued Against Member Of Port Huron, Mich., Lodge

Secretary P. H. Burns, of Port Huron, Mich., Lodge, No. 343, has requested THE ELKS MAGAZINE to warn Secretaries of other subordinate Lodges to be on their guard against a member of No. 343, who recently, it is said, has obtained loans from Lodges in New York and Pennsylvania. The Port Huron Elk's name is J. H. Martin and, according to Mr. Burns, he has persuaded Secretaries to advance him money by showing his life membership card, No. 843. Mr. Burns asks, through the magazine, that any Secretary to whom Mr. Martin presents his card take the card up.

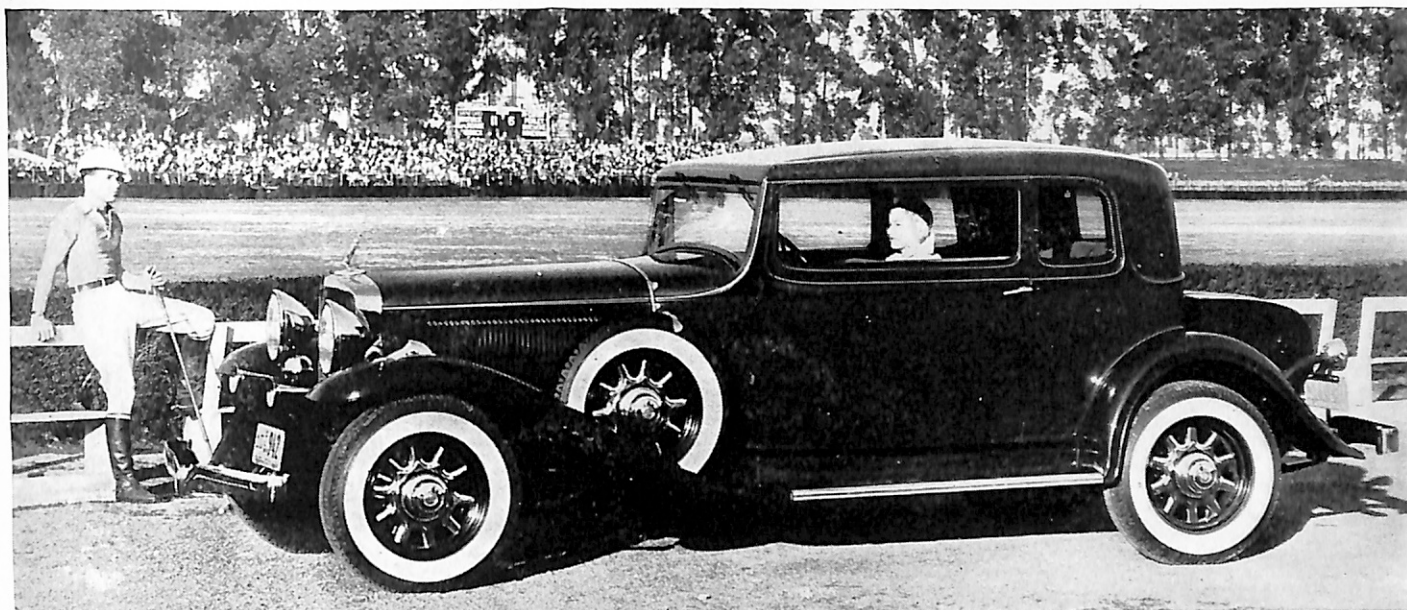
Secretaries Are Warned Against Grand Rapids, Mich., Elk

Secretaries of subordinate Lodges are warned to be on their guard against the impositions of a man representing himself as Exalted Ruler of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48. His name, according to Secretary George D. Bostock, of No. 48, is W. L. Arntz; and he was dropped from the Lodge rolls last April. He is neither the present nor a former head of the Lodge.



A night photo of the railway cut near Jersey City's depressed highway. The camera caught a number of baffling light tracks

CHARLES PHILIPS CUSHING



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ther eased of wear and strain by Free Wheeling and Synchronized Shifting, stay quiet. Studebaker brakes, powerful and easy of action, are controlled by steel cables, rather than rattling rods. They stay quiet. Studebaker steering—the famous ball-bearing cam-and-lever design—continues to operate with greatest ease—and stays quiet.

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—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes

They are *not* present in Luckies
... the *mildest* cigarette
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WE buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is

Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

"It's toasted"
That package of mild Luckies

Copy, 1932,
The American
Tobacco Co.

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Does not this explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of Lucky Strike?